

# heatre Magazine

ENTS

JUNE 1925



Contributors: Gilbert Seldes, James L. Ford, John V. A. Weaver,  
Charles Henry Meltzer, Lawrence Langner

# LINCOLN

Today's Lincolns reflect the art of the designer who has had untrammelled opportunity to carry out his best ideas.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY  
Division of  
Ford Motor Company





F © G

# Are friends drawn to your home by the music that is there ?

The picture, "Sheridan at the Linleys," painted by Margaret Dicksee, shows Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of *The School for Scandal*, at the home of Thomas Linley, the English composer. There, music bade him welcome, and there it was he met Linley's eldest daughter, Elizabeth Anne, a singer, who later became his wife.

A HOME in which there is no music is like a room where a fire is laid and never lighted. It lacks the welcoming glow, the cheering warmth that holds old friends and attracts new ones.

Your home need not lack music, for the Ampico offers you at the touch of a button the music of all the world, played by masters of the piano.

Whatever your mood, you may call on practically any great pianist—Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, and over two hundred others—to play on your piano, freely and generously, from rolls of their own making. Every phrase, every emotional shading will be just as the artist interpreted it. For the almost human Ampico catches even that indefinable something called the artist's soul.

Piano music can be no better than the

instrument on which it is played. Therefore the Ampico is found in the following famous pianos only, in which it is built as an integral and concealed part: the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, the Knabe, the Marshall & Wendell, the Haines Bros., the Fischer, and the Franklin. Note that the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, and the Knabe are three of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

The action and tone of the piano which is also an Ampico are unaltered for playing by hand.

Don't postpone the delight of discovering the Ampico for yourself. Don't think of it as merely a piano. *Please* don't think of the Ampico as a player-piano. The nearest dealer who handles any of the pianos listed above will be glad to let you hear the Ampico—today.

The silent or player piano you now own entitles you to an allowance in buying your Ampico, and convenient terms of payment place the instrument within the reach of the most modest purse. Uprights \$985 to \$1800. Grands \$1975 to \$5000. With freight added.

A note to the address below will bring a booklet describing the Ampico and outlining the library of Ampico recordings.

THE AMPICO CORPORATION  
437 Fifth Avenue • New York City



*The* ALL of the PIANO

# *The* AMPICO

# Personalities of Paramount

## Thomas Meighan

SOME stars draw the crowds without ever creating the slightest public affection for themselves.

Tom Meighan is just the opposite. Millions of men, women and children don't think of him so much as a motion picture star as the sort of a friend they would like to have come visiting their home. "We don't merely respect him, we love him!"

Tom Meighan's widest fame dates from "The Miracle Man," and there are plenty of folks who have never missed a Meighan picture since, and won't in future. Judging by box-office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing.

There are some men who seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan's pictures which has made them so successful.

Titles easily remembered are "The Miracle Man," "City of Silent Men," "Cappy Ricks," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Our Leading Citizen," "Back Home and Broke," "Man-slaughter," "Homeward Bound," "Tongues of Flame," "Coming Through," and, at present in production, "Old Home Week," by George Ade.



# Paramount Pictures

## How the finest pictures are made

They are made by a very highly developed organization.

This means that if a certain star or a certain director needs for his artistic development a certain story translated, say, from the Russian, then picturized in a series of scenes sometimes thousands of miles apart, enacted with a supporting cast hand-picked from the entire dramatic sphere for the occasion, that all this, and very much more, will be done.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation makes the one firm demand that each and every pic-

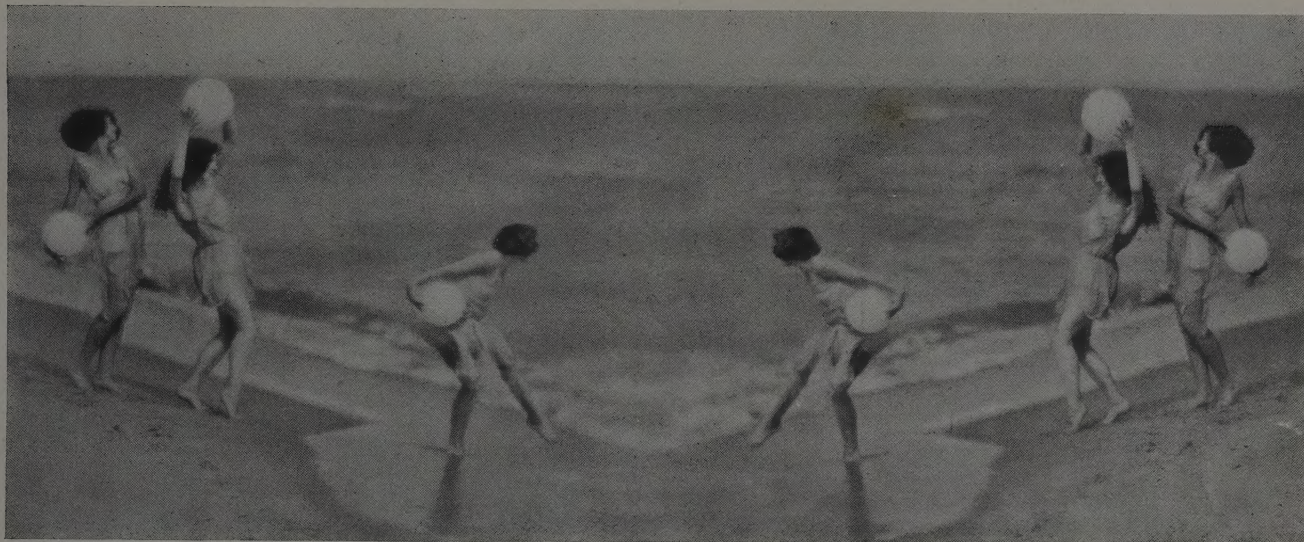
ture be denied nothing in the making that is necessary to its complete artistic and popular success.

On a large scale this demands enormous investment and the deepest confidence of theatres and patrons alike.

The greatest asset any director or star can have today is an association with Paramount wherewith to ride to bigger things.

And the greatest asset you have, as a fan, is that you can't go wrong when it's a Paramount Picture.

**"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"**



Pondelicek

## CONTENTS for JUNE, 1925

### SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Play-Writing Mirage.....	James L. Ford	9
Unauthorized Collaboration.....	Gilbert Seldes	10
The American Language Play.....	John V. A. Weaver	12
Pity the Poor Play Jury.....	Lawrence Langner	18
The New Note in Italy's Theatre.....	Charles Henry Meltzer	20
Two Innocents on Broadway.....	Ada Patterson	22
American Players in London.....	J. T. Grein	24
The Dance Temple.....	Carol Bird	31

### SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial.....	7
<i>Desire Under the Elms</i> (Condensation).....	26
Heard on Broadway.....	39

### ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....	Carl Link	
Life in the Great North American Cabaret....	Helen Hokinson	13
Prima Ballerina.....		21
Buzzards of the Ballroom.....	Wynn	30

### REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play.....	15
<i>The Blue Peter, Love for Love, Ruint, The Duncce Boy, Cæsar and Cleopatra, The Sapphire Ring.</i>	
Screenland.....	Frank Vreeland 32
Radio.....	Charlotte Geer 37

### THE NEW PLAYS

<i>The Blue Peter</i> .....	14
<i>Louie the 14th</i> .....	16
<i>The Dove</i> .....	38

### FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Adrienne Morrison.....	5
Dudley Digges.....	8
Helen Hayes.....	19
Adolph Bolm.....	27
Jackie Coogan.....	35

### PICTORIAL FEATURES

Ballet Oriental.....	6
Musical Comedy Hath Charms.....	11
The Passing Show.....	23
Sheridan Modernized.....	25
American Interpreters of Foreign Types.....	27
Bassanio and Portia.....	33
Meet the New Producers.....	36

### DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....	M. E. Kehoe 43
Fashions.....	45
The Vanity Box.....	Anne Archbald 60

Vol. XLI

Whole No. 291

Subscribers are informed that no change of address can be made in less than a month. Address all communications to THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City

Copyright, 1925, by

THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY  
LOUIS MEYER—PAUL MEYER, Publishers

Published monthly by THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. Executive, Publishing and Editorial Offices, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary; Arthur Hornblow Editor; F. E. Allard, Director of Circu-

lation. European Offices: 10 Buckingham Street, Strand, London. J. T. Grein, resident correspondent. Single copies, thirty-five cents. Four dollars by the year. Foreign countries add fifty cents for mail; Canada add fifty cents. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.



PEARLS FROM MARCUS *Alice Joyce*

THE SERVICES OF A MEMBER OF THE FIRM ARE ALWAYS  
AVAILABLE IN THE SELECTION AND MATCHING OF PEARLS.

MARCUS & CO.

EST. 1878

FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 45TH STREET  
NEW YORK

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. No. 291

JUNE, 1925



Photo Bruguère

## ADRIENNE MORRISON AS MISTRESS FRAIL

*Aided by a Striking Figure, a Dashing Air and a Lovely Silver Gown, Miss Morrison Shows in the Provincetown Revival of "Love For Love" How a Naughty Lady With a Restoration Past Angles for a Husband*



Photo Goldberg

## BALLET ORIENTAL

*Cecil D'Andrea and Harry Walters Capture in Their Dancing the Glamorous Spirit of the East*

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



## *Better the Blue Pencil Than the Padlock*

THE stage reformers are again on the war-path. Clergymen and others attack the new Play-Jury scheme, not only on the ground that it has failed—inasmuch as the plays complained about still hold the boards—but also that it was a “bargain with lawbreakers.” They demand the abolition of the Citizens’ Play-Jury plan and insist upon a rigorous prosecution of all theatrical managers who continue to offend against any provision of the Penal Code.

It would be folly to blind our eyes to the seriousness of the situation or to underestimate the importance of the present public clamor against certain stage productions. Nor should anyone imagine for a moment that because the Play-Jury scheme was given an opportunity to show what it could do to check stage indecency, that the present outpouring of erotic plays will be allowed to continue without definite steps being taken in official quarters to stop what is fast becoming an intolerable nuisance. When, driven at last to do something by the growing pressure of public opinion, official action is finally taken, the steps adopted are likely to be drastic. There will be no half measures, no compromising, no whitewashing. The Gordian knot will be cut swiftly and completely.

How to handle these red-light plays is becoming more of a vexatious problem for the local authorities each season. The play of indecent situation, the play of foul, offensive dialogue continue to be part of Broadway’s regular offerings. The conditions have grown so bad that many people hesitate to-day to take their family to the theatre in apprehension of what they might see or hear. The public has actually come to distrust, and be afraid of, the Theatre.

The managers say they are not to blame. They said the same in regard to the ticket speculators, yet everybody knows that some of them shared the exorbitant overcharge gouged out of the theatregoing public. The managers disclaim responsibility for the present wave of stage eroticism. They say they don’t want smut on the boards. Are they sincere? Some of them are. Others are not. The temptation to make an extra profit is often irresistible. Suppose a manager has a play out of town that is not making money. Something must be done to get the people coming. He has an idea and, summoning to his office the members of the cast, he outlines a daring plan. Would they do it? Either that or close the play. They consent. The audience gasps at the audacity of the scene. The next day’s papers are full of sensational condemnation and the box-office is besieged. How many managers would have the moral courage to resist such a golden appeal as that?

WHAT is the remedy? The playwrights—the managers—the critics frown upon Censorship in any form. We, too, are strongly opposed to Censorship. State or Police Censorship at best would be a meddling, blundering, political job. It would cause the producer no end of senseless vexations. It might interfere seriously with the fullest development of our native drama.

Yet, if not Censorship, what other curb on license can be devised? Censorship has not worked so badly in England.

It has not fettered to any noticeable extent the genius of Galsworthy, Masfield, Drinkwater, Bernard Shaw. We confess we have little faith in the Play-Jury plan. The outcome of the Jury’s recent investigations on Broadway did not convince us of the wisdom of its decisions. We would rather have a play passed upon by one man of common sense than by a dozen persons—literary workers, critics, clergymen, musicians and what-not—whose judgment may be warped by all sorts of art complexes and queer mental kinks.

Those who are opposed to any kind of restraint—whether it be Censorship or Play Jury—prate about the rights of the individual, the right of the artist to express himself.

What about the rights of Society? Must our stage be turned into a brothel, must refined ears be shocked by blasphemous and offensive profanity, the language of the gutter, shall your boy and girl go to the devil—because a playwright wishes to express himself?

The argument that plays are not written for young people is mere sophistry. If young people could be kept out of the theatres, the point might have some force. But no one wants to keep them out. The theatres are, and should be, open to all. Boys and girls—just out of school—at the most impressionable age—are shown revolting scenes of sexual passion. Such plays are widely advertised because of their indecency. Young people run to them first, if only from curiosity.

What are we going to do about it? The ever-rising tide of stage filth must be checked. But how? Every civilized Community protects its youth. The severest laws have been enacted to punish crimes against childhood. We say it is a crime to corrupt the mind of youth with a dirty play. Those who deny to the State the right to safeguard public morals, or to curb stage license, are themselves anarchists, rebels in thought, if not in practice, against all government, all authority, all order. If the State, under the pretence of safeguarding the public health, may dictate to its citizens what they may or may not drink—surely, to safeguard the public morals, it also has the right to say what plays they may or may not see.

WE do not want official Censorship. Yet better Censorship than license! Censorship of some sort—State Censorship or Police Censorship—is inevitable if the situation does not improve.

The Reformers—the Fanatics—are again on the war-path, again clamoring for direct police action. If the manager would avert Censorship, it behooves him to act quickly. The writing is on the wall. Only a fool will fail to read the plain warning. The producer, if he honestly tries, can save the American Theatre from Censorship. Let us appeal to his intelligence, his business sense—even his self-interest. Let him heed what happened to the motion pictures. There would have been no Censorship of the movies if the pictures had been decent. Let our managers get together and agree among themselves not to produce plays of the character complained about. Let the manager deodorize his own stage. Let him learn to edit the plays he produces. The playwrights may squeal. What of it? Better the Blue Pencil than the Padlock!

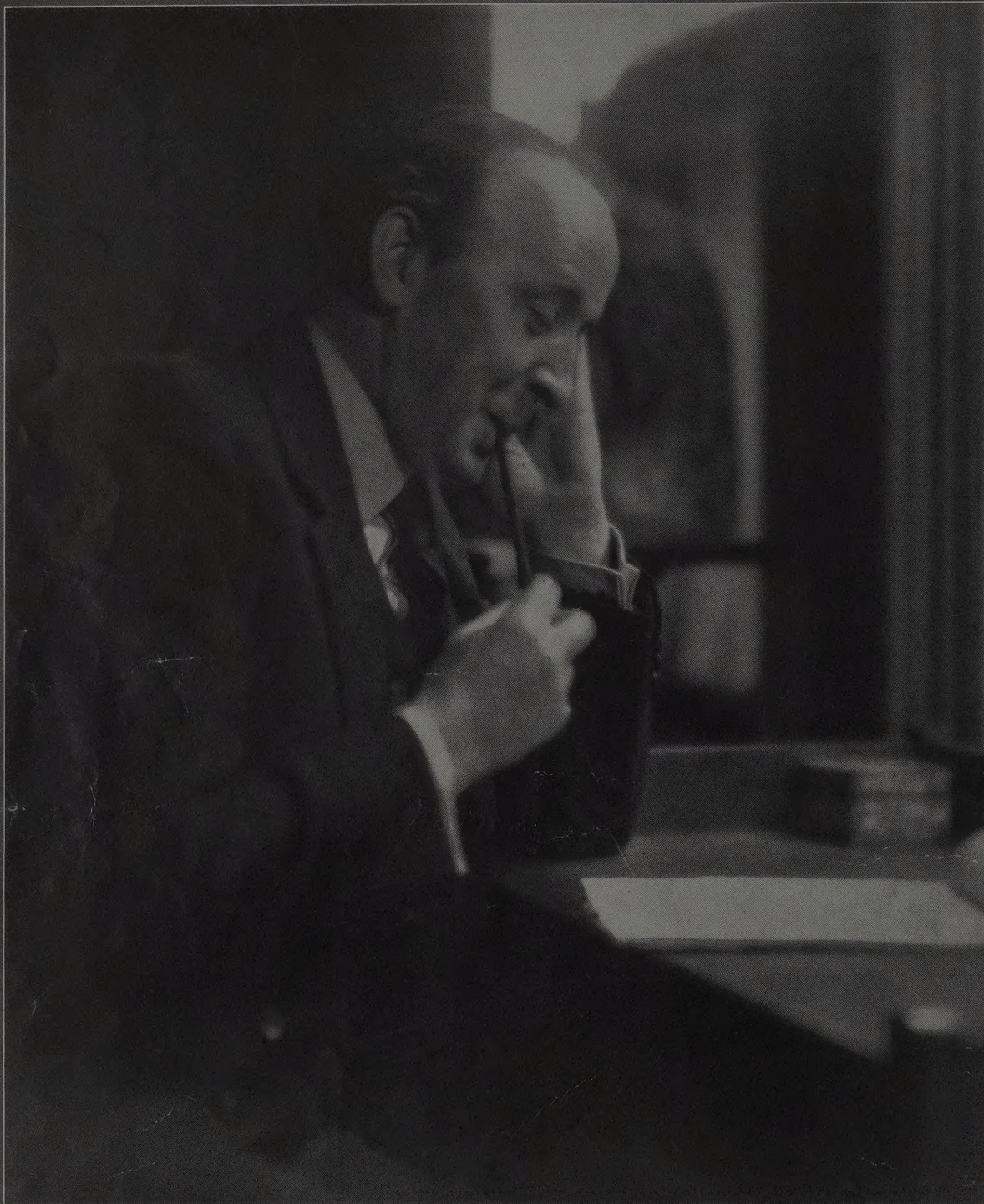


Photo Goldberg

#### THE MAN OF THE MONTH—MR. DUDLEY DIGGES

*Mr. Digges, one of New York's most popular actors, now playing in "The Guardsman," has every reason to "look pleasant," for under his able direction the Actors' Theatre has just pulled off "three of a kind" and they are all successes. "Candida," "The Wild Duck" and "Pierrot the Prodigal" auger well for Mr. Digges' future as Director of this enterprise*

# The Playwriting Mirage

*Showing that the Income from Writing for the Theatre Averages Only Twelve Dollars a Year*

By JAMES L. FORD

Author of "The Literary Shop," etc.

NOTHING better illustrates the modern tendency to convert the university, once a seat of learning designed to cultivate the mental faculties, into a trade school for the instruction in the manifold arts of money-making, than the establishment of courses in playwriting. The immediate consequence of this policy has been the strengthening of the belief, already wide-spread, that the writing of plays is the most lucrative calling open to ambitious youth.

So deeply rooted is this notion in the adolescent mind, so agreeably does it adjust itself to the universal lure of the footlights, that wholly to eradicate it is a task which even the most sanguine of us would hesitate to undertake. The reputed gift of a million dollars to Yale to enable that university to establish a course in dramatic instruction, with Professor Baker at its head, has given a tremendous impetus to the playwriting dream and directed attention to the credulity of millionaires.

Of the many thinkers who concern themselves with the theatre nearly all are of the school whose mental processes do not extend far below the roots of the hair, and these philosophers are now patting the nation on the back because of the present wide-spread interest in the stage on the part of persons of cultivation and social importance.

The "best" houses—meaning, in the vernacular of Gotham, the largest—no longer close their doors to members of the profession, and women who for years have vainly scratched and mewed at those doors now fly to screen or footlights because they have "found society a bore." In the "best" families—the term used in this sense does not mean the largest—the intention of Tommy to take the college course in playwriting and of Cecile to become an actress are not subjects to be avoided by the tactful. In short, were we to listen to all the conversation that goes on in the town, we would inevitably reach the conclusion that the stage was at last on a secure footing and that players were no longer the rogues and vagabonds of Elizabeth's time.

THE real result of all this agitation has been to sweep into the great theatrical maelstrom of Broadway so many thousands of aspirants for footlight distinction that the sidewalks can no longer contain them, and each day reveals its new quota of wasted lives. No statistician can estimate the number of those who seek the stage doors each season, either with plays to sell or in quest of engagements before the footlights. Never before has the profession been so overcrowded as to-day; never have so many incompetents sought to force themselves into it by every imaginable device.

And meanwhile players of skill and experience are walking the streets vainly trying to find work.

But it is not with the would-be actors and actresses that I am now concerned, but with the young men and women in whose brains the playwriting maggot has been fostered by tales of fortunes acquired by that calling. Nowhere does this belief gain a stronger foothold than in the minds of those who take the widely advertised courses in dramatic construction and then

THE dramatist who can be credited with half a dozen successful plays is a rare bird, while the great army of one-play writers increases week by week under the stimulus of the wide-spread notion that no more profitable occupation can be found. How few of those engaged in playwriting have had even a single production to realize on the time, labor and, in many cases, talent expended each year in this hazardous work! A few there are who have earned and are still earning very large sums, but none who make nearly as much as the leaders at the bar and in medicine.

set forth on their weary round of managerial offices. But let us not imagine that these college students are the only persons seeking to enter this most difficult, hazardous and ill-paid of callings. In fact, they are a very small part of a vast army that extends from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico and embraces all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. For the dramatic instinct exists in a primitive form in nearly every childish mind and reveals itself in the little plays devised by the youngsters for nursery production. Nor is it surprising that these mummies of tender years should quarrel over the parts and seek the center of the stage precisely as their elders do. In children of a larger physical growth we find the same dramatic instinct, even when it is not accompanied by education and cultivation.

It is difficult to discover anyone who has not at some time either written a play or tried to write one, or thought out some scene or situation that seemed possible of presentation on the stage. Every one of these budding dramatists cherishes the firm belief that there is big money in the business, and the worst of it is that every once in a while one of them—as likely to be an elevator boy as a college professor—hits upon a theme suited to the theatre, works it out, perhaps with the assistance of a man-

ager or actor, and secures a production that yields a comfortable sum in royalties.

These accidental successes, as they may be termed, do much to fill our theatres, but it is seldom that such an author is able to repeat his triumph. His usual course is to withdraw from all previous pursuits and devote himself to the writing of plays, two or three of which he is likely to have in his desk, with others in his mind. It needs but three or four fortunate productions in succession to enable him to emerge from the ruck into a proud position as a dramatist with a living at his fingers' ends. Otherwise he remains a one-play man, with nothing before him but disillusionment and a wasted career. Among all those who fill the sidewalks of Broadway there is no more pathetic figure than that of the author of one successful play and nothing more.

I have known many instances of accidental success but none more notable than that of that most interesting drama, *Jim the Penman*, the work of Sir Charles Young, an English baronet who had railway interests in this country. Bronson Howard once told me that Sir Charles wrote the drama almost at a sitting, and I know myself that it was an instantaneous success and that the author never did anything more of consequence. I do not even know that he ever had another production. But in considering this play, we must remember that other things contributed to its success beside the baronet's work.

It was produced by A. M. Palmer, one of the most successful managers of his time, and presented with a cast that included Agnes Booth, W. J. Le Moyne, William Davidge and E. M. Holland. Nevertheless, it was such a novel form of drama and so different from the adaptations from the French which Mr. Palmer had presented with so much skill, that this experienced manager had grave doubts as to the reception the public would accord it. In fact, he told me himself that, at the close of the dress rehearsal, when asked by one of the actors his opinion of it, he made answer: "I think it is one of the worst pieces of rot I ever listened to in my life. I believe I am on the eve of the most disastrous failure of my whole career."

ANOTHER notable accidental success was achieved by a friend of mine a quarter of a century ago with a musical piece that literally caught the town. The royalties came in so rapidly and in such gratifying volume that he gave up the commercial enterprise in which he had been previously engaged and devoted the rest of his life to the writing and futile offering of dramas without ever having a second pro-

(Continued on page 50)

# Unauthorized Collaborations

*What Shaw Might Have Done if Called in to Help Write "Abie's Irish Rose"*

By GILBERT SELDES

**M**OST dramatists (as their friends will tell you) are too darned conceited. Only a few of them will submit to the indignity of having a collaborator brought in to doctor their work. Shaw insists upon being Shavian all the time and Willard Mack will be Willard Mack. Yet how much we should gain if the qualities of Barrie, for example, could be grafted on the stalk of Shaw or if the poetry of Rostand had flowered suddenly in the dry areas of Ibsen. A few get-together meetings ought to make these Burbanked plays possible; until they come, we present specimen scenes, showing how well the scheme would work.

I

**MISS ANNE NICHOLS** has invited Mr. Bernard Shaw to go over the text of *Abie's Irish Rose*. A preface on marriage, intermarriage, remarriage and vegetarianism has resulted and is here omitted. By special request Mr. Shaw has accepted Miss Nichols' stage directions, so that another twenty-five pages of text are saved.

**MINSK:** Nu, Abbele, mein boy, tell your Fodder, vere was you den the whole day?

**ABIE:** If it comes to that, where were you?

**MINSK:** Oi, like dis a son should answer a Fodder! Respect you should have for your Fodder's gray hairs.

**ABIE:** And you might try having a little respect for your son's private life. It's true I live in your house—because I can't afford a house of my own. But there's no use sniveling over filial duties and pointing to Mother's picture on the wall and calling me your Abbele, because it won't go down.

**MINSK:** I should live so, the boy is a Socialist. Schwartz, I ask you, is it right that my son should be a Socialist? Is Debs a Jew? Why should a fine Jewish boy which I wanted he should be a rabbi, yet come out with Socialism? Oi, I'm sure my little Abie has been in bad company with goyim, and—oi, Schwartz, do you think he maybe has married a schiksa?

**ABIE:** Father, I want you to meet Miss O'Brien, my friend.

**MINSK:** Vot name? Vot name did you said?

**ABIE:** O'Brannsky.

**MINSK:** O'Brannsky, that's better. I thought you said O'Brien.

**ABIE:** So I did. They call it O'Brien for short.

**MISS O'B:** And you won't be calling it anything for long unless you get over this intolerable prejudice against the Christians. Why, half of your best customers are Christians, Pop.

**MINSK:** Schwartz, you hear dis dat she calls me Pop. I should call her O'Brien and she should call me Pop. God forbid!

*(The O'Brien girl gives Minsk a hearty kiss, but missing his lips, finds herself en-*

*tangled in the lower reaches of his beard. Making the best of it, she gives this a playful tug, drags Minsk to a chair and tries his knee reflex.)*

**MISS O'B:** Get used to it, old timer. I'll call you Pop until you call my bluff. Of course you think I've married your son and you've got to make certain conventional sentimental passes in the air. Get them off your chest, Solomon Isaac, and let's get down to dinner.

**MINSK:** Oi, oi, oi. I t'ank God that your Mother didn't live to see dis day!

**ABIE:** Nonsense, Father. Mother's as crazy about Miss O'Brien as I am. Not that it makes any difference. Let's have dinner.

**MINSK:** I'm sorry in front of your svell friend, Abie, but I ain't got nothing in the house only some bacon and eggs or maybe a few slices of ham.

**MISS O'B:** Then I'm through. At the end of five years' hunting, I find myself a good Yiddischer, and what do I get for dinner? Ham! Of all filthy meats, the filthiest! Ugh! Meat of decayed and probably degenerate swine. No human being with taste could eat it; no one with any sensitiveness of soul could think about it. Ham!

**MINSK:** Maybe, Miss O'Brien (oi! oi!), if you could see this ham which I got it myself from the rabbi, a certificate that it's a kosher ham, maybe you wouldn't feel so bad.

**ABIE:** Father, you're crazy. Miss O'Brien eats what we eat or she goes hungry.

**SCHWARTZ:** I'm hungry now.

**MISS O'B:** Perhaps we can start on vegetable soup and then have the anti-ivisection discussion in the second act.

**ALL:** Perhaps.

CURTAIN

**F**OLLOWING this amazing result, Miss Nichols offered her services to Mr. Shaw for the revision of any play from *Candida* to *Back to Methuselah*. At the end of six weeks Miss Nichols was obliged to confess that she could add nothing, as there was already so much hokum in the plays that any more would be ostentatious.

II

Mr. Eugene O'Neill takes a manuscript to Messrs. Kaufmann and Connolly in order to get himself a production at an up-town playhouse.

BOUND TO BE DIFF'INT

**SCENE:** *The marked deck of the S. S. City of Passaic, on the East-West trade between Jersey City and New York. The derrick booms of the foremast and a few carpet-sweepers jut against the light of the lousy-colored, but whimsical, moon. From the shore can still be heard voices of the natives chanting a luscious folk-song, barely distinguishable as "Poppa Loves Momma."*

*The Donkeyman croons softly to himself a tune of his old home life in Ireland: "What'll I Do?" The sombre tones and unnerving melody of this startle the group of sailors around the winch-bolt jib (or somewhere).*

**YANK:** Stow it, cantcher?

**IVAN:** Shtup ti padoch.

**OLSON:** I bane sick.

**DRISCOLL:** Arrh.

*(The captain passes and slaps four of the sailors across the face, kissing the other four mirthfully.)*

**DONK:** I think I'll ask meself how I come to be sailor.

**DRISC:** Don't. You might tell and 'tud give me the willies.

**IVAN:** Ktchort! What a night.

*(They sleep. Fourteen members of the Ziegfeld Follies clamber overboard and survey the scene, dancing softly. Several peep into the poop.)*

**O**NE: No, this can't be the place, Ireeny. There isn't room for a sandwich, let alone a banquet. Who told you this was the *Aquitania*?

*(They go overboard again, uttering characteristic utterances.)*

**DRISC. (waking):** Gee! I dreamed there were a lot of peaches on board tonight.

**DONK:** I wasn't asleep, and I seen 'em, too.

**ALL:** Cripes, what a trip!

**DONK:** I think I'll tell why I became a sailor. Back there things were different. Land nearly everywhere. I wanted to get away from it, so I took to the sea.

**OLSON:** I bane sick of all this.

**DONK:** I read a good deal about the sea before I became a sailor. One year I got good marks from the International Correspondence School in boxing the compass. And now I am a sailor.

**YANK:** Well, we're near port now, and there's no action developed yet. Let's have a chanthey.

*(Several sailors commiserate with several other sailors.)*

**OLSON:** I bane sick of chantheys. L'ave one recite a poem.

**DONK:** I think I'll recite a poem.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide, wide sea;

The boy stood on the burning deck,

And shuffled from port to lee.

Those who go down to the sea in ships,

Have a wife in every port;

They sail the ocean blue,

Though the winds—

**ALL:** Stop him, or by crimey we'll murder him!

*(A great deal of liquor is now consumed and all the sailors walk the plank. The captain appears again and a stoker comes up through a trap-door.)*

*(Continued on page 62)*



Goldberg

ODETTE LAUDNER

French singer, whose lovely voice was recently heard in Philadelphia as Kathie in *The Student Prince*. Miss Laudner, a *premier prix* of the Paris Conservatoire, studied with Kate Rolla and Jean Périer and is now under three-year contract with the Shuberts



Moffet

MITZI

This diminutive version of Hungarian color and dash will brighten autumn days for New Yorkers with her gay trickeries and joyous personality



Goldberg

JANET VELIE

Pretty prima donna, who proved herself one of the choicest treasures in Ed Wynn's recent *Grab-Bag Revue*



Moffet

LOUISE GROODY

So charmed theatre-goers of Chicago in the title-rôle of *No, No, Nanette*, that they have held her captive for one year, and New York is not to see her until next Fall

MUSICAL COMEDY HATH CHARMS—

*Four Logical Explanations for the Popularity of the Lighter Melodies*

# The American Language Play

*The Great American Drama—in the Great American Language*

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

AT last the native vernacular has come into its own upon the boards of Broadway. The characters of individuals who belong to the masses are being interpreted with a dexterity, a sincerity and a sureness of touch which heretofore has existed only in isolated cases. Playwrights with an accurate ear have caught the rhythm and the tone of our racy lingo. No more synthetic, artificial dialect-dialogue. "American" is here to stay.

Time was—and it was not so long ago—that the language of the streets and alleys was used only in caricature. There were the hick-mellerdrammers with their wooden sob-artists who announced that Nell hadn't been done right by, or that the old farm warn't the same since the squire died; or with the comic relief straw-chewers who hitched suspenders and accompanied remarks by a cluck and a heel-kick. Or else there were the crook plays, full of "gats" and "moll-buzzers" and "snowbirds," in which a specialized argot gave a specious local color. And then there were the Cohanized type of wise-crackers, who reeled off the newest slang and seemed always upon the point of going into their dance. These were trick characters, bearing little resemblance to reality.

Here and there a trace of authenticity began to appear. But the first trace of genuine folk-dialogue which hit my consciousness was O'Neill's in *Beyond the Horizon*. Even there I had a feeling that O'Neill was forcing the stuff a bit, and whenever he uses dialect (with the exception of the returned soldiers' speeches in *Diff'rent*, which ring true in every case, at least to my judgment), I always have a suspicion that he is writing with his determination more than with his ear. Especially in his sea pieces. These almost always contain one or more characters who "get going" and reel off semipoetic monologues which have many an earmark of J. M. Synge. And still, much as the dialogue of *Desire Under the Elms* makes me feel that it is written as literature rather than from the heart, it is so enormous an improvement over the farmer-talk of the conventional play that the stage, in the matter of realism, owes him an immense debt.

IT was in listening to plays such as *The Adding Machine* and *Rain*, however, that I suddenly realized that the tongue of the masses was being used for true characterization by writers who had taken the trouble to listen with attention, rather than incidentally, to the American Language. And by that phrase I do not mean the temporary, juicy slang which is rampant at one moment and at the next is one with "Twenty-three, skidoo!" and the other catchwords of yesteryear. I refer to the consistent misuse of what is known as English, regardless of slang and certain

localisms, which, as Mencken has so ably explained in his large and learned treatise, makes a homogeneous differentiated dialect, so much an entity that it may rightfully be called "American."

Yes, the speeches in *The Adding Machine* rang true, and the fervid sentences of Sadie Thompson and especially of the Marine in *Rain* expressed the souls of the two in language so precisely caught that life was there, vibrant before the audience. So, a little later, came the somewhat modified dialect in that priceless *Show-Off*, and sundry bursts of reality, in the midst of, it must be admitted, a good many comic-paper scenes which made up the medley known as *The Potters*. At the same time *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* and *Sun-up* were bringing for the first time a really accurate transcription of mountaineer talk—marred in both cases by theatricalism in plotting, but in the case of the dialogue highly lifelike.

MY own interest in the correct transcription of this language was especially keen, since for some time I had been publishing poems dealing with sundry individuals of the masses in their natural tongue. I had read many of these poems aloud (I still read them—rates upon request), and I had been vastly encouraged by the fact that they sounded better than they looked, especially in the monologues; even the lyrics were vocal to a certain degree of satisfaction. And I had been planning to try my own hand at visualizing these folk and their talk upon the stage.

Therefore, with the successful examples of those plays already before me, I immediately flew into the composition of an unfortunate *opus* called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." Of that epic, much silence. Ten days of tryout demonstrated that, so far as I was concerned, poets are born, not played. From the storehouse, perhaps, some day the metamorphosed ghost of my first drama will arise; such a title ought not to be wasted. However—

As I have said, others were making excellent use of the dialect upon the stage, where I, alas! was still far from adept. The native drama, in its native speech, was at last on its feet.

And now, this year, has arrived the full flowering of the language. *Processional*, even though it is slightly exaggerated in places, carries for me a marvelous interpretation of this jazz age. There are flaws in the play, many of them; but its speeches rejoice the heart of a lingo-enthusiast. And *What Price Glory*. There, once and for all, is as near an approach as will ever be made to the daily talk of the soldier. There are many omissions—there have to be, in the interests of taste; for, speaking as a non-commissioned officer who served for two years as a sergeant, among typical troops, I am forced to submit that obscene-

ity, blasphemy and vulgarity were so much a part of every conversation I ever listened to or joined in, that two minutes' phonographing of them would lay the revered Dr. Straton in his grave. But the swing of the speeches, the essential rhythm, the slant, the twist are there in all their picturesque vitality. From the dialect side alone, here is a masterpiece.

So, too, *They Knew What They Wanted*. I have attended that play four times, and on each occasion a great glow has come into my heart. Irrespective of the fact that it is poignant drama, an added warmth creeps over me from the speeches. I can close my eyes and listen, and know that America is passing by. The Irish-American of the padre, the Wop-American of Tony, those are excellent and satisfactory. (Great grief, what a contrast to the synthetic, pumped-up wheezing of such balderdash as *Abie's Irish Rose*!) But when the Wobbly pounds out his groping sentences and Pauline Lord stutters, stammers, repeats herself, fights to express the beauty that is in her heart, with infelicitous mumblings blurts out tenderness, sincerity, strength—then indeed I feel a lump rising into my throat, and I know that the masses are finding interpreters who do not patronize them, do not mock them, but let them stand up and show the essence that is in them.

Even in revues the essential American tongue is consciously being used. (Not the Broadway smarty, but the cheap individual of what Mencken calls *Homo Boobo*.) In the ill-fated *Comic Supplement*, the best of which has been transplanted to the new *Follies*, Mr. Fields had a number of scenes faithful unto life in these States.

The one-act play has had its quota of American this year, notably in a thing of Sherwood Anderson's called *The Triumph of the Egg*. This was dramatized very badly from a short story, but the character-drawing and the conversation in the main were authentic.

THE dismal talk of *Close Harmony* was cleverly rendered, and the words used by the ancient Minick and his cronies were caught with expert ear. Whether the credit for that lies chiefly with Miss Ferber, who has long been a vernacular artist, or with Mr. Kaufman may better be determined when the latter's *Butter and Egg Man*, which promises to be a fine sap-drama, appears.

Of this latter species—the hokum-pot whose characters speak true and realistic dialogue—of course the two James Gleason examples are in the smashing hit class. I am inclined to believe that it is precisely this amazingly fine dialogue, hung upon the most creaking and ancient skeletons of plot,

(Continued on page 62)

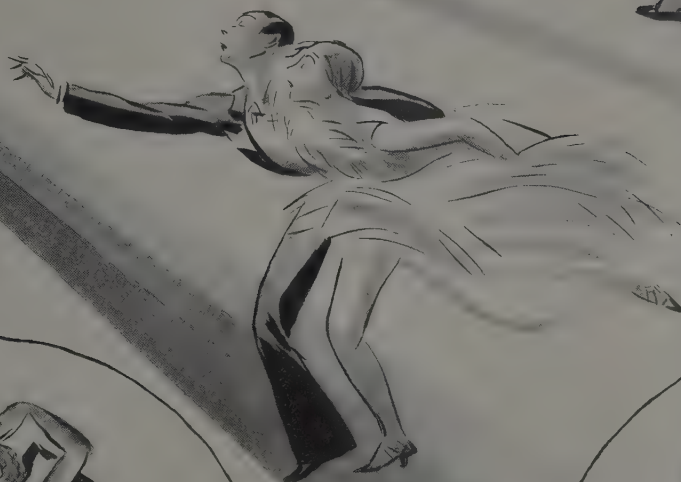
She is to be found in the vicinity of Houston Street, wringing tears from her audience, singing about her dear old mammy down in Tennessee or some place



On the right is the brown goddess of the ukulele. Entertainers may come and go, but she shakes on forever



Algernon and Margaret, found in the exclusive cabaret. It is a well-known secret that they are the favorites of the Prince of Wales



This pair is still to be found giving their æsthetic little dance in which he almost, but not quite, drops her to the floor several times. It ends when the brutish creature throws her off the stage

Drawings by Helen Hokinson

The Spanish couple is very popular, although their dance consists mostly of side-burns, castanets and dirty looks



## LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CABARET

*The little Lotus-Lands of Broadway where much is forgotten—among the lesser things being clothing, Volstead and the last ferry back to Jersey. To-day, a realm flowering with maraschino cherries and melodious with brass saxophones, to-morrow may find it an oasis, guarded by the great giant Padlock*



The prologue in Africa. David Hunter and his friends, British mine prospectors, and native servant repel with rifles the attack by hostile natives on their bungalow at Akwara Camp



(Below)

The bar parlor of the "Blue Peter," a resort of sailors on the London docks, a place so redolent of the sea that Hunter, who has promised his wife he will not return to the perils and freedom of Africa, is again seized by an irresistible wanderlust and pens her a hasty note of farewell



Hunter (Warren William) is powerfully attracted to Rosie (Mary Kennedy), an habituée of the resort, but he realizes in time what his freedom would mean and decides not to sail



His wife (Marjorie Vonnegut) says it would break her heart if he went away, but she refuses to accept a sacrifice that involves the loss of his and her own self-respect

THE STAGERS PRESENT "THE BLUE PETER," A PLAY OF SEA LURE

*A Tale of a Strong Man with the Call of Africa in His Blood*

# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



SINCE the success of the Theatre Guild proved that "highbrow" drama can be made to pay, the Commercial manager does not scoff at the Art Theatre movement so much as he once did. One well-known producer used to refer graciously to the Art Theatre groups as "a bunch of nuts." Another declared he would not touch their plays with a ten-foot pole. This same manager to-day books their successes in his theatres and is glad to get them. All of which is preliminary to the plain statement that during the past month the Art Theatres had it all over the Commercial Theatres in the quality and interest of their attractions. A dozen new plays done by the regular theatre have already gone to the storehouse, but the production of Congreve's *Love for Love* by the Provincetown Players; the same organization's successful *Desire Under the Elms* at the Earl Carroll Theatre; the revival of Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* in the Guild's beautiful new home; and the production of *The Blue Peter* by the recently organized Stagers are all excellent shows, firmly established in Broadway's favor. It would really seem as if public taste were on the mend.

THE Stagers is the rather awkward and unattractive name of a new group of artists in the theatre who, working together on the co-operative plan somewhat after the manner of the Theatre Guild, will make productions of worth-while plays, regardless of box-office considerations. A production a month is promised and, what is more important, the gradual building up of a permanent stock company, which latter promise, if actually fulfilled, will achieve a very desirable aim, something the Theatre Guild has not yet been able to do after seven years of unprecedented success. Most of these Art Theatre groups, largely because of lack of funds, are badly handicapped by being compelled to stage their plays in out-of-the-way theatres—places so small, uncomfortable and badly ventilated that it is a real punishment to have to sit through a performance. Not so with the Stagers. Their artistically decorated little theatre in West Fifty-second Street is commodious, well ventilated and comfortable.

The first offering of the new organization, *The Blue Peter*, by E. Temple Thurston, augurs well for future bills. The piece, while talky at times and slow in action, tells a very human story in a dramatic and interesting way. But why label it a "man's play"? The problem it presents—this husband's uncontrollable *wanderlust*, this wife's pathetic helplessness in face of the sudden crumbling of all her dreams of love and home—is a situation poignant enough to strike a sympathetic chord in any auditor—male or female.

After exciting experiences in Africa, some of which are shown in a hectic prologue, David

Hunter, British engineer, has returned to England to marry the girl he loved. He is happy in his home, but after six years of office life in London, he begins to yearn once more for the great, open, silent spaces of the African veldt. He suffered there, but at least it was freedom. He felt a man, not a rabbit caged up in a box. An African chum, about to sail back, comes to see him. There is a chance to get a valuable diamond concession from an African chief. It is the opportunity of a lifetime. Why not return together? David hesitates. The call of

But now his wife has changed. She is no longer eager to have him stay. One day the siren will again sound through the fog and the old nostalgia will return. Better the pain of separation now than even greater suffering later. But finally he convinces her of his sincerity and the play ends happily, if a little lamely.

The piece was well acted. Marjorie Vonnegut was very charming and womanly as the wife, and Warren William's personality and tall, athletic figure gave just the right virile touch to the rôle of the husband. Mary Kennedy was excellent as the tavern girl, and George Riddell contributed a clever bit of realism as the old cockney innkeeper.

## Plays You Ought to See

**CANDIDA**—Superb revival of Bernard Shaw's masterpiece acted with supreme artistry by Katherine Cornell and associates.

**OLD ENGLISH**—Interesting play by John Galsworthy in which George Arliss plays the part of a man of eighty.

**ROSE-MARIE**—That *rara avis*, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

**THE GUARDSMAN**—Amusing comedy by the author of *Liliom*. One of the best things the Theatre Guild has done.

**THE FIREBRAND**—Entertaining comedy farce, based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the most amusing pieces on Broadway.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE**—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

**THE WILD DUCK**—A magnificent revival of the Ibsen drama. Splendidly acted. A rare treat in the theatre.

the blood dictates the answer. Yes, by God, he will go. No one can stop him. His wife comes in and they have it out together. Heart-broken, she pleads for their child, for her own happiness. Unable to resist her arguments, he weakens and promises to abandon all thought of returning. He will merely go down to the docks to see his friend off.

THE next act, the best in the play, shows the interior of "The Blue Peter," a resort frequented by sailors. Inside the tavern the air reeks of baccy and whisky. From the foggy river outside come at intervals the deep notes of the siren. At the bar lounge seafaring men, swearing strange oaths, quarreling noisily in the picturesque profanity of the sea. David watches them, fascinated. This is the rough life he loves. This is freedom. A tavern girl, a strangely alluring creature, attracted by his good looks, accosts him. He invites her to a drink and their lips meet. Ah—here's primitive passion—freedom! That and the restless sea. Each moment Africa calls more strongly. Why not sail? She can get him a berth another man has given up. He agrees, and writes his wife a hurried note of farewell. Freedom—freedom at last! Suddenly he is brought up with a jerk. The man whose berth he bought is also making a break for freedom. David realizes they are both deserters from duty and, conscience-stricken, he rushes back home.

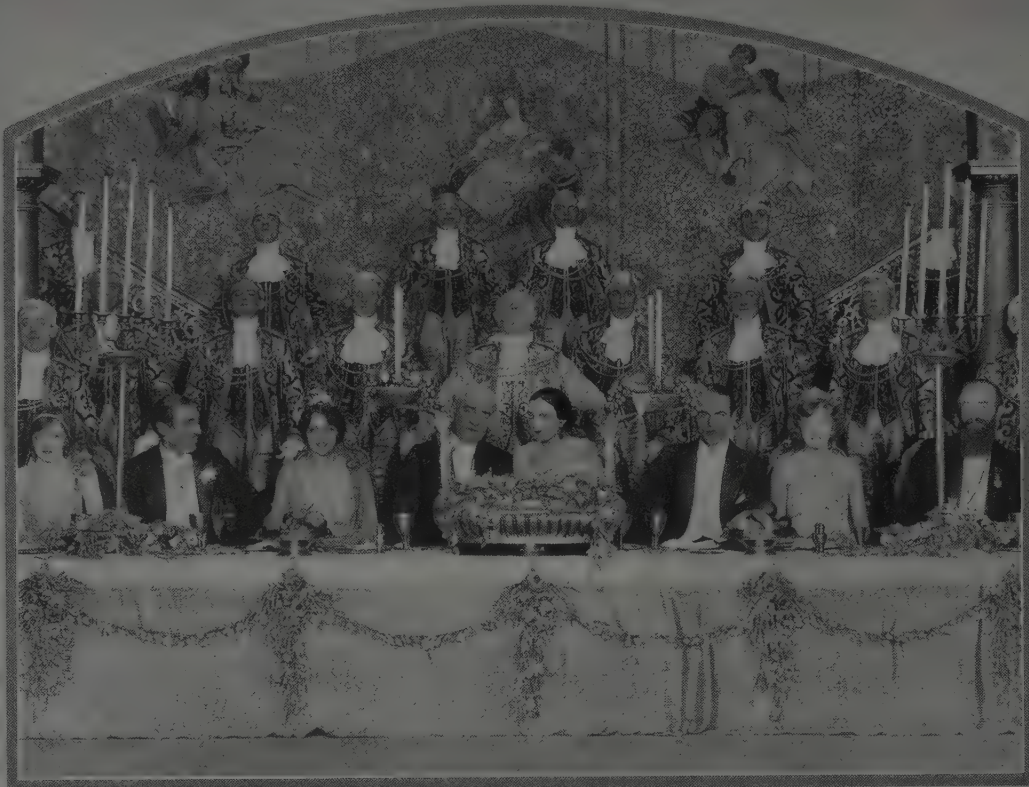
WHAT impressed me most in the delightful production of Congreve's *Love for Love* at the Greenwich Village Theatre is the fidelity with which the revival of this famous old comedy has been made; the single set, admirable and tasteful, designed by Robert Edmond Jones, and the individual performances of the major feminine rôles by Rosalind Fuller as Miss Prue and Adrienne Morrison as Miss Frail. As to the morals of the play—well, if done on Broadway, the Play Jury might want to get after it, but down in the Village it seemed less naughty than amusing—a graceful naughtiness sugared with a nice wit

and epigram.

It is an historic fact that, at an early age, thirty, Congreve lost all interest in his contributions to the Restoration stage. Voltaire, as a visiting literary man, was astonished when the Briton said to him that he wished to be visited "upon no other foot than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity." Certain critics, such as Lamb, Hazlitt, Grosse and Meredith, have all paid high tribute to Congreve as a literary craftsman of exquisite wit and finish of style. As a writer for the stage, however, he had his limitations. His plays, from the acting point, are not particularly sound in technique nor in the sustained exploitation of the story. But the characters are eminently distinctive of the period and verbally coruscate when they open their respective mouths.

The original text has been liberally cut, not on account of its frankness—there is still much kept that is quite as bold, if not more so, than any of the disputed language to be found in those modern plays so recently under fire—but the text is curtailed that time may be saved. It crackles genially with its wit and the splendor of its antitheses tickle the ear and fancy. The editing, however, is so liberal that the unities of time and place are frequently obscured. But it matters little, as the story is never over-clear at best.

There is no phase of acting so positive in its demands as the exploitation of artificial comedy, and of that type of play there is none



ACT II, SCENE I. The banquet hall of the Château Trapmann, where the ubiquitous Louie Ketchup, disguised as an Indian potentate, helps the multimillionaire host out of a dilemma by consenting to be his fourteenth guest. In this gorgeous tableau, which in brilliance and luxury of *mise en scène* and beauty of costuming surpasses anything even Ziegfeld has done in the way of lavish stage display, is used the magnificent gold-plate dinner service specially made for the occasion by the Gorham Company



The usual comic-opera misunderstanding having separated the lovers (Dorothy Pateson and Harry Fender), Leon Errol intervenes in time to bring about a reconciliation just before the finale

## "LOUIE THE 14TH" AT THE COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE

*That Peerless Funmaker Leon Errol and Splendid Company in a Superb Ziegfeld Production*

so *précieuse* as the works which distinguished the period of Charles II. It is a spirited but uneven performance that the Provincetown Players give. Some present the elegant extravagance and high spirit of the times with considerable success; others are purely modern entities dressed in clothes which they know not how to wear and expressing manners which they neither understand nor are capable of expounding. Two women emerge into the limelight of high praise—Rosalind Fuller for her spirited and impish rendering of the country lass, Miss Prue, and Adrienne Morrison for the pert but arch distinction which she brought to the naughty Miss Frail.

Edgar Stehli, as Tattle, was true to tradition and responsively humorous. Perry Ivins, as the boorish Ben, kept up his scenes, and E. J. Ballantine had moments as Foresight that were engagingly comic. The juvenile leads were earnestly enacted by Stanley Howlett and Noel Tearle.

BEING the author of a prize play helps and also hampers a dramatist. Hatcher Hughes set a certain standard for himself in *Hell-Bent for Heaven*. His latest play, *Ruint*, falls considerably below that standard.

Labeled a "folk comedy" and written around a group of North Carolina mountaineers, the characters are lacking in sympathy, though this is the way Mr. Hughes apparently intended to draw them. For, in an author's apology, he comments on the fact that it has been the fashion for writers of backwoods plays to pity the benighted people of remote mountain regions. The backwoods folk of *Ruint* are all hateful creatures, hopelessly illiterate, but smug and satisfied in their illiteracy, intolerant of the fine mind which may chance to appear in their midst. They torture and ridicule an effete youth from the East who chances to fall among them and nearly hang him for merely kissing the moron daughter of the family.

The cast is filled with "types" all well drawn, with the exception of the Eastern youth, who is exaggeratedly effeminate. Caroline Newcombe, as a snuff-nibbling old woman of the hills; John Huston, as the woolly-witted son of the family, and Jane Burby, as the mother, give adequate character delineations. The dialect and colloquialisms are racy, quaint and humorous.

ANOTHER native playwright who may be said to specialize in "folk comedy" is Miss Lulu Vollmer, whose drama of the Carolinian mountains, *Sun Up*, had a long run two seasons ago. I doubt if her new play, *The Dunce Boy*, will be equally successful. It is not that the author has not written with surety of appeal and a proper technical stage command, but her fable is unpleasant.

A mother's love is a sure-fire dramatic expedient, but, however deep her affection may be for her offspring, it is difficult to arouse a sympathetic appeal when the child is a half-wit, not congenital but the victim of an accident. This son, the *Dunce Boy*, is nineteen, and in a moronic fashion is evincing a more than platonic interest in the young schoolmistress who is the Huckle. The mother's efforts to restrain his inclinations within bounds is the play which culminates in a tragedy as far as the youth is concerned, though he kills to protect the girl from the outrage of another. Miss Vollmer's story would make a welcome additional case to Kraft-Ebbing's *Psychopathia*

Sexualis. As is usual in her studies of the North Carolinian mountain folk, Miss Vollmer has drawn her characters with fine subtlety. The dialogue is in the main true and individual. The straight types are not happy.

With fine restraint and convincing expression Antoinette Perry acts the hard-working, devoted mother, a performance of unusual merit. Gareth Hughes invests the title-rôle with a touch of real poetry. His moments of deep feeling ring with fine dramatic fervor. Louis Mason is legitimately comic as an optimistic ne'er-do-well, and there is sullen strength to Eric Jewett's rendering of the hard-worked, unsympathetic father. Mary Carroll plays the schoolmistress. I liked her best in the hysterical outbursts of the final act. Something oversweet were her artless moments.

THE high-water mark of the past month was, of course, the opening of the new Guild Theatre on West Fifty-second Street—a house so beautiful, an achievement so extraordinary that ye Commercial Manager may well stand aghast with astonishment and envy. Seven years ago this little band of players had no theatre, no money, no prestige. All they did have was an idea—the idea that the public, tired of commercial hokum, would respond liberally if given better dramatic fare. The result is this splendid new theatre, built with money raised by a bond loan subscribed by its well-wishers, this theatre for which Governor Smith laid the corner-stone and President Coolidge in Washington touched an electric button that sent up the curtain on the opening night. Europe and South America may boast of larger theatres, theatres of more magnificent sweep and sculptured grandeur, but nowhere in this town or elsewhere in this broad land is there a playhouse more exquisite in taste, from the decorated rafted ceilings and the painted friezes by Victor White, illustrating past Guild productions, to the cartouches and Italian sixteenth-century tapestries that hang on either wall. With its roomy foyers and lounges and commodious auditorium, it would be impossible to conceive of a theatre better suited to the particular *clientèle* it serves or the policy it set itself—to give the American theatregoer not only the best in contemporary drama, but also a cozy, comfortable theatre free from street noises and draughts—barbarous structural defects in many other houses—and with space enough between the rows of chairs so that late arrivals may pass to their seats without crawling all over those already seated.

FOR its opening bill at the new house the Guild made a revival of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, the satiric comedy by the loquacious but always amusing Bernard Shaw. On the opening night the play—including a brand-new prologue—lasted from eight o'clock until midnight, long enough to satisfy any Shavian whose theatregoing has been done outside of China. A full score of years has passed since Forbes Robertson first presented here this delightful yet occasionally dull comedy with his wife, Gertrude Elliott, in the rôle of Cleopatra. For those who saw that earlier performance the present production falls somewhat short. As regards distinction in the acting and intellectual grasp of the leading male rôle, likewise in the reading of the lines, the Robertson performance was more satisfying and did fuller justice to the play. Lionel Atwill presents a magnificent figure as

Cæsar, but the actor's enunciation is so indistinct and faulty, his postures so uninspired and lacking in the majesty and poetry of the rôle, that much of the value of the characterization is lost. The *tempo*, also, is entirely too slow. For the production, however, there can be nothing but praise. One marvels at the careful and lavish manner in which the play has been done—the admirable stage groupings, the excellent ensemble work of the entire company, the scenic splendor of Frederick Jones' settings, so full of the color and atmosphere of ancient Egypt.

Helen Hayes made a very flapperish and attractive Cleopatra. Henry Travers gave a fresh humorous note to the amusing rôle of Brittanus, and Helen Westley was a constant joy as Fatateeta. Schuyler Ladd imparted a lively vivacity and youthful grace to the rôle of Apollodorus, the Sicilian. Albert Bruning was not entirely happy in the Prologue. His enunciation was indistinct and the method of delivery left much to be desired.

I TAKE off my hat to the Budapest dramatists. They know how to write plays—plays that interest and thrill, also plays whose main function is to amuse. *The Sapphire Ring*, by Laszlo Lakatos, seen recently at the Selwyn Theatre in an adaptation by Isabel Leighton, belongs to the latter class of plays. Another variant of the *Guardman* theme, it certainly amuses—it even thrills a little—but the astonishing thing about the piece is that, almost entirely devoid of what is commonly called action, it holds you by the humor and delightful sophistication of its dialogue alone.

Krista and Karoly are a married couple. Karoly is insanely jealous, and when his wife is fifteen minutes late in getting home, he is convinced she has been to an appointment with a lover. The maid has previously stolen her mistress' sapphire ring, a betrothal present. The ring is missed! Of course, it's plain enough. His wife has given it to her lover. Finally he forces the truth out of her. Yes, she has been to a man's apartment—Dr. Nemeth's—but things are not as bad as he thinks. She begins her story. The stage darkens and, as in the movies, what she tells her husband is actually seen occurring on the stage. She calls at Dr. Nemeth's flat. He makes violent love to her, and she is about to yield—in fact, goes so far as to put her hair down—when tragedy appears in the persons of a discarded mistress and a black-mailer who wants money. There is a violent scuffle between the doctor and the blackmailer, and again the stage darkens. In the last act she is home again, laughing at her husband, who, furious, now wants to drive her from the house. She says it's all a joke—she never made any such visit to the doctor's apartment. She was merely trying him. At that moment the bell rings and in comes the doctor, nursing a finger broken in the fight and carrying flowers for Krista. The husband, now beside himself, sends his wife from the room and confronts his visitor, toying with a revolver. Ignoring Karoly's hostile attitude, the doctor blandly asks for Krista's hand in marriage. Speechless with rage, Karoly calls his wife and tells her of the offer. She laughs it off. She has no desire to marry the doctor. Does she not love her husband? The doctor bows himself punctiliously out and, after more amusing verbal fireworks, wife and husband are finally reconciled. This

(Continued on page 66)

# Pity the Poor Play Jury!

*An Impudent Slander on Broadway's New Star Chamber*

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

**SCENE:** *A room at Police Headquarters. You can imagine it! Mr.*

*Somebody-or-Other, of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, has had all the official cuspidors removed to give the place a more "homey" atmosphere; but it produces no nostalgic effect upon the two Society Women, the Broad-Minded Clergyman, the Psycho-Analyst, the Lady Novelist, the Cloak and Suit Merchant, the Suffrage Leader, the Philosophic Anarchist, the Conservative Newspaper Editor, the Banker, the Religious Fanatic and the Little Old Maid, who constitute the newly appointed Play Jury. The session has been on for some time, and, as the lunch hour is approaching, the Psycho-Analyst (who has succeeded in appointing himself foreman owing to the facility with which he handles some extremely long words which nobody else understands) decides to take the Little Old Maid in hand. She simply can't make up her mind. But the decision of the Jury rests entirely upon the way she makes it up; for there are eight votes cast against the way a certain kiss is being kissed in a current Broadway play, and if the Little Old Maid votes for the kiss "as is," then the kiss—which has been much criticized—will remain "as is."*

**THE PSYCHO-ANALYST** (*feeling the first sharp pangs of hunger*): Now, my dear Miss Pym, it oughtn't to be hard for you to come to a conclusion. Surely you, as a broad-minded woman with a rudimentary conception of our psychological processes, can realize that any pornographic response created objectively merely lifts into consciousness thoughts already dormant or latent in the subconscious, so that the effect of such a kiss is, in a sense, a relief to the Audience, a liberation of the psyche, because a substitution or sublimation takes place and any such desires on the part of the Audience do not take actual form, but are satisfied second-hand, so to speak.

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID** (*dis-mayed and timid*): Yes. I'm sure it is. I felt quite sorry about it.

**THE PSYCHO-ANALYST** (*triumphantly*): Ah! Then you vote for the kiss to remain as it is?

**THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC** (*savagely interrupting*): Not at all, my friend. You completely misunderstand her. When this gentleman spoke just now of the pornographic effect of this kiss on the Audience, I assume Madam—

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID** (*correcting him*): "Miss."

**THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC**: I assume, Miss, that you were aware of the eroticism of the kiss?

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID** (*hastily*): Oh, no, I never said anything like that!

**THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC**: Like what?

**LITTLE OLD MAID**: What you said.

**THE LADY NOVELIST** (*sweetly*): Miss Pym, let me explain it to you! This play is a beautiful Romance, the Love of a Nice Clean Boy for a Flower of Youthful Girlhood, Pure as a Bud upon a Rosebush! But as it is played, Miss Pym, why it's positively *lascivious*! Didn't you think it was *lascivious*? The kiss?

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID** (*suddenly becoming quite hostile*): I don't know what you're talking about. I was brought up respectfully. I'm not used to such language.

**THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR**: Now don't be offended, Miss Pym. I'm sure that Mrs. Craven-Hancock didn't mean anything improper. She simply meant, in trying to persuade you to vote against the kiss in its present form, that there was something about it not—well—not quite refined. Now, Miss Pym, you are a woman of experience—

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID**: I'm not married—if that's what you mean.

**THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR** (*tactfully*): Well, Miss Pym, if you are not a woman of experience, I'm sure you are a woman of imagination. Now, imagine yourself with a daughter. Wouldn't the incident in the play—I refer to the kiss—distress you?

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID**: I just can't imagine myself with a daughter.

**THE CLOAK AND SUIT MERCHANT** (*aggressively*): I should just like to ask the lady only one question—but a good one.

**THE PSYCHO-ANALYST**: What is it, Mr. Rubenstein?

**THE CLOAK AND SUIT MERCHANT**: Will the lady tell us whether she was ever kissed that way and what was the results?

**THE BROAD-MINDED CLERGYMAN**: I regard that a most improper question.

**THE CLOAK AND SUIT MERCHANT**: I ask it only to finish the business. If a kiss like that don't mean nothing to her, she's got no right on this Jury.

**FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN** (*aside to Second Society Woman*): I thought only nice people were to be invited on the Jury.

**SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN**: My dear, you simply can't go anywhere nowadays—

**THE PHILOSOPHIC ANARCHIST**: Why is it necessary to delve into sex, Miss Pym?

**THE LITTLE OLD MAID**: I don't know, I'm sure.

**THE PHILOSOPHIC ANARCHIST** (*oratorically*): These questions involve such abstract principles as Freedom, Liberty—

**THE BANKER**: The trouble with you fellows is that you don't know the difference between Liberty and License.

**THE PHILOSOPHIC ANARCHIST** (*glaring at the banker*): I wish you'd let me finish.

**THE BANKER**: Why don't you hire a hall? We've heard all that before. The only thing on the boards is the kiss. Let's stick to it.

**RELIGIOUS FANATIC**: Yes, friends. Let's stick to the kiss.

**FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN**: Listen, Miss Pym. I'm sure that a woman of good family—as you are—I've known of the Pym of Boston for years—I'm sure that anybody who is anybody in the Social Register—would be against a kiss like that in public. I'm not a prude, Miss Pym, far from it—but I say that when people do that sort of thing, it should be done behind closed doors. And I think that some of these things that have been said this morning have been positively shameful—and I shall never serve on a Play Jury again! Never!

**SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN** (*with asperity*): I quite agree with Mrs. Smithers! I shan't either! And I want to say that some of you men who call yourselves gentlemen—(*she glares at the Cloak and Suit Merchant*)—ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You've spent two hours talking about the way the young woman kisses the hero and not given three minutes to the question of the young man's pyjamas in Act II.

**THE SUFFRAGE LEADER**: Hear! Hear! It's always the women who are blamed. Let's take up the pyjamas! (*She fixes her eyes on the Clergyman.*)

**THE BROAD-MINDED CLERGYMAN**: Well, it's beyond me. What objection can you have to the pyjamas? They're absolutely *essential* in Act II. The trouble, if I may say so, ladies and gentlemen, is this. Those of you who are opposed to this kiss *in toto*, fail to realize the high moral purpose of the play. The author's intention is to show that vice, by its own—er—er—viciousness, becomes a burden to men and forces them back to the Church. Now, in order to do this, some real portrayal is necessary. She must really kiss him with passion. A silly little peck like some of you want her to give him would never drive him back to the Church.

**THE LADY NOVELIST**: Why, that isn't the author's intention at all. It's a simple, sweet little love story—a charming little romance. It has nothing to do with the Church at all.

**THE CLOAK AND SUIT MERCHANT**: Why not call the author?

**THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR**: He's in Hungary.

**THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC** (*contemptuously*): I thought as much.

**FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN**: I'm proud it wasn't an American.

**SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN**: What did you think of that little French frock she wore in Act II?

**FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN** (*contemptuously*): French! Why, my dear, that wasn't an imported model. It was perfectly dreadful.

**THE SUFFRAGE LEADER**: Ladies! (*Continued on page 68*)

## A FLAPPER QUEEN

Helen Hayes, in the Guild production of Shaw's satiric comedy *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, whimsically and delightfully abets G. B. S. in transforming the regal siren of the Nile into a pretty kitten frisking and clawing in the shadow of the Sphinx



Goldberg

# The New Note in Italy's Theatre

Her Dramatists Run to Cynical Jests and Jesters

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WE are still rather ignorant here with regard to Italian drama. We forget that, besides trifling things, it has evolved masterpieces. Some people seem to think that the tragedies of the Peninsula are typified in operas of the "Trovatore" character and that its comedies deal chiefly with Pulcinella. But this attitude is, to say the least, unfair to a land which has given us in the past such dramatists as Machiavelli and Goldoni (to name only two), while in our own day it has fathered Pirandello, Sem Benelli, Giacosa, d'Annunzio, Praga and Bracco, besides others who would not dishonor them.

Till *The Jest*—with the two Barrymores—thrilled Broadway, the Italian drama of to-day was at a discount in this country. A younger age had applauded a few works played by Salvini, of which hardly one had survived that gifted actor.

The production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author* revived interest in Italian plays. And Pirandello, who invented it, did more when he appeared here in the flesh. His works have been performed in various New York houses. Only a year ago I enjoyed one of them in Italian (*Tutto per Bene*—which does not signify in our vernacular *All for Ben*) at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where, by the by, I saw at least two actors of rare talent, splendid schooling and real power. It did not strike me as extremely modern. Dumas, the younger, had made plays as able, and, as it seemed to me, on the same lines.

MOST plays of modern Italy are not the expressions of a bright and burning race. The adjectives indeed fit few Italians. In some moods Pirandello is ingenious and whimsical. But the comedies of Bracco (a Neapolitan) and Praga (a Milanese) are rarely bright, though many burn with an impassioned flame. In a majority of cases the recent comedies and dramas of the peninsula are marked by pessimism. Some are morbid. Most are cynical. Both at their best and worst, they amaze one by their want of faith in the great scheme of life. The bourgeois comedies deal largely in illicit love, ranging from intrigue of the stale triangular kind to the more unpleasant forms of "love"—forms which, till lately, would have been barred from every New York theatre.

In Italy the sun shines clear and warm. Nature is beautiful. All life seems fair. But in the souls of the Italian dramatists something subtle and perverse embitters art.

The art at times is often wonderful. Within the past ten years there have been plays in Italy which, in their way, have made those of the French and Germans (if we except some works of Hauptmann and de Crel) poor by comparison.

Yet at their finest, the romantic tragedies and fantastic comedies approved in Italy lack the robust, pure beauty of an earlier age. No one in Venice, for example, is writing comedies in the bright spirit of Goldoni or of his admirable successor, that poor genius, Gallina. No one is turning out dramatic romances in the vein of Giacosa. The unhealthiness which disfigures the most poetic efforts of d'Annunzio has spread, like leprosy, to the inventions of those playwrights who were born after him.

D'ANNUNZIO, if you will, is a true poet. But, from *La Città Morte* to *Francesco da Rimini*, *La Gioconda* and *Il Fuoco* on, he is morbid. Giacosa, though not a poet in the same class, of course, as d'Annunzio, was wholesome. Even when under the then to him new influence of Ibsen, he conceived *I Diritti dell' Anima*, a small masterpiece, he was normal. The theme of that last admirable play (the retrospective jealousy of a weak husband, devoted to a wife of whose loyalty—in the conventional sense—he was confident, but who, as he suspected, had loved another man, since dead) was unusual; and in the crucial scene, when the faithful wife at last revolted against being tortured by having the secrets of her suffering soul pried into, Giacosa did, I think, at least as well as Ibsen in the last scene of *A Doll's House*. Bernhardt once told me, I remember, that she regarded *I Diritti dell' Anima* as the best one-act play she had ever read. And when she interpreted the wife, Duse proved the sureness of her now vanished rival's judgment.

Writers of rare promise and poetic gifts bob up in Italy, create one work or two or three—and fade away. For example, Sem Benelli.

Here was a dramatist who promised everything. In his *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, which we know chiefly as the libretto of an opera, he had revived for us a medieval period and created characters instinct with strength and passion. Who that has seen and heard them on the stage can forget the figures of the unfaithful wife, Fiora, or of that blind and aged father-in-law who guards her husband's honor, and who, to avenge his son, chokes out Fiora's life?

*L'Amore dei Tre Re* was a great tragedy. So, in another way, with more complexity, was the gruesome masterpiece famed in Italy as *La Cena delle Beffe* and familiar to us (though in a distorted and inferior English version) as *The Jest*. Long years before the existence of *La Cena delle Beffe* (literally *The Supper of the Jests*) had been suspected by Mr. Hopkins and the Barrymores, a copy of that play had been sent me by an Italian friend, with a suggestion that I should adapt it into English. But, at the moment, no manager

on Broadway would have looked at such a work, and, as it chanced, I had sold some time before to Sir Henry Irving a rearrangement of a much finer play—the *Lorenzaccio* of Alfred de Musset. The Italian original of *The Jest* must have worried its American adapter no less by the intricacy of its psychology than by the difficulty of finding a fit equivalent for its Italian form. I don't wonder that it baffled poor, perspiring Mr. Woolcott to decide whether the American version was plain prose or—"verse." To Italians I am sure much in *The Jest* must have seemed quite unsatisfying. Thanks to the Barrymores, though, and to Gilda Varesi, *The Jest* drew crowds to hear it. The plot and the leading characters in it had, however, been anticipated in *Lorenzaccio*.

And then we waited for Sem Benelli to create more masterpieces.

None came. The war and ill health seemed to have robbed the author of his powers.

Some years ago he wrote a drama entitled *Ali (Wings)*, which was so futile and so weakly sentimental that it invited ridicule. Since then Sem Benelli has given us a fantastic tragedy, through which I have just waded called *L'Arzigogolo*, and a fairy play, produced some time ago at Turin. Neither of these efforts is likely to be transported to America.

The chief character in *L'Arzigogolo* is an incredibly complex jester, who, at the bidding of a love-sick noble named Giano, pledges himself to win for him the affection of one Violante, a cold and cruel dame of vicious tendencies. Instead of which—he wins her "love" himself, just for one night, and, when she tires of him, "does in" the heartless jade. As an example of Italian versification, *L'Arzigogolo* may be commended. But it appalls one by its morbidity and verbosity.

It is doubtful, very doubtful, whether Sem Benelli has much more to say. Physically, they tell me, he is ailing. Mentally, he seems to have exhausted himself. I shall be pleasantly surprised if even d'Annunzio again rises to his old eminence.

THE hope—the only hope—that I can see to-day for Italian drama of the highest kind is bound up with Nino Berrini, whose fourteenth-century play, *Il Beffardo* (or *The Jester*), is, by and large, if I am any judge, the boldest, strongest, most beautifully worded and most ably constructed play produced in Italy during the past forty years. It is a pity that Berrini could not hit upon a more novel name for it. "What's in a name," though? The point lies in the fact that, after having devised some other works of less importance, in *Il Beffardo* this Italian dramatist has created one great play which should have

(Continued on page 52)



#### PRIMA BALLERINA

*This delightful camera study by Pondelicek reminds us that Italy is still the home of the ballet. No matter whether Pirandello puzzles, Benelli blights or D'Annunzio despairs, the Prima Ballerina will continue tripping gaily and gracefully along on her talented toes*

# Two Innocents on Broadway

Wherein Katharine Cornell Tells the Romance of Her Rise to Fame and Happiness

By ADA PATTERSON

THEY met in a Detroit stock company. He had come from the West—Seattle. She from the East—Buffalo. The young woman played leads. The young man was the stage director and leading man. They met in the twilight of the stage, backed by the dusk of the theatre auditorium, at a morning rehearsal. Jessie Bonstelle, *impresario* of stock and director of metropolitan companies, introduced them with utmost casualness, hoped aloud that they would get along nicely and flitted away to give instructions to "Props." They met in the month of roses. Right, June. How clever you are! On September 8th they became engaged. They waited for a year, as he said, for the appeasement of her family, that did not want the number of its theatrical members increased, there already being two. They were married and came to the City of Adventure, of dreams broken or dreams come true.

They were Innocents on Broadway.

We had tea and talk at their home on a day of alternating gray and gold in March. A characteristic home for them because she, being a lithe, sturdy, out-of-door young woman, called me to a back window and said, "See my river." The trim, conventional back yard sloped sharply to the bank of East River, the silver-colored beginning of Long Island Sound. A big, weather-beaten schooner sailed impertinently close and disdainfully past. He, a slim, boyish young man, grabbed the collar of the well-grown police pup, Boris, lest the canine grand duke mar, by his friendly overtures, my fur or features.

TWENTY-THREE Beekman Place, where the names Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell appear in a modest card above the door bell, is in the placid block between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets.

"It's just like any other old-fashioned brownstone front house in New York, except for my river," said its mistress. Katharine Cornell likes to think that the tanned sailors with wind-blown hair make obeisance to her house as they pass. Perhaps they do. Or they may be flirting with the demure nursery maids on the prim walk. They stare in friendly fashion, which is enough.

While Mr. McClintic tenderly threatened to shoot Grand Duke Boris for pawing a hole in the sloping back yard at the very spot where the pair has tea in deck chairs

at a round table under a gay-colored umbrella in summer, and ejected him finally for interrupting the interview, his wife told me that he is "the finest man in the world. I would think that even if I were not married to him," she said. "I admire him for his integrity. He is the most honest man I now. He is more honest than I am."

While we jogged an hour later in the neighborhood bus from Beekman Place to



Kenneth Alexander

The work of Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, is in the theatre, but their home, the most domestic of places, is far east of Broadway

Madison Avenue, toward his office, Mr. McClintic said of his wife: "From the day of our first meeting I felt her greatness as a woman. It has been my delight to watch from the audience her technique developing day by day in the projection of that womanly greatness through the artist."

A domestic pair is Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie McClintic. They took the house on Beekman Place for real living. Real home life, they say, cannot be enjoyed if you are in the Forties, just around the corner from shops and cabarets and theatres. If you can reach a place of noise and events in three minutes, you yield to the temptation to go. If it requires a half-hour's walk, you stay at home. Unless they have guests, they walk from their river border home to the Actors' Theatre, where she recently played *Candida*, or to his office.

"I never did anything worth remembering in the theatre before I married Guthrie," his wife said, as his gray-clad figure flashed up-stairs to answer a telephone call. "His inspiration and instruction turned my face definitely toward the greater things of the theatre. I remember those three months while we were working earnestly, playing love scenes on and off the stage in Detroit. That he taught me to listen. He said, and

I have learned that he is right, that three-fourths of the value of a dramatic scene is not in speech but in listening. He read to me a one-act play of Strindberg's, *The Stronger*. It is a dialogue of a man's wife and his sweetheart. The wife does nearly all the talking. The other woman does little else than listen. Yet the other woman's is the greater part because of the opportunity for what might be called dramatic listening.

"My efforts and interests had been scattered before that summer. I was

born in Berlin while my father, an American physician, was studying surgery there. I grew up a hoyden, going to school at my home in Buffalo and at the Merrill School at Mamaroneck, N. Y. My father and grandfather had been excellent amateur actors, and father left off the practice of medicine to manage a theatre in Buffalo and to manufacture automobile accessories.

"But I shared the family interest in amateur theatricals. In my grandfather's home there was a theatre in which I played solo or with child companies. I used to put on juvenile versions of the classics. I played the leading parts, and even played both the heroine and villain when the villain appealed to me. I remember finishing one act in a doublet. We children of the neighborhood used to charge five cents admission."

"EXTORTION," observed the returning Mr. McClintic.

"But it was for charity," returned Miss Cornell.

"Then it was forgivable," was her spouse's verdict.

"I used to direct the dramatic offerings of the Merrill School," defensively smiled Miss Cornell. "We ventured anything. The most daring venture was a play I had written. I don't remember its name. It was awful."

"I did make some records in athletics. High jumping. The half-mile run. Speed records in swimming and rowing."

"She has a dozen trophies, but she won't display them. She always hides them," complained her husband.

"They were shoddy little things. Papery looking. I have locked them away."

"And you were graduated?"

The tall young woman, with the brilliant eyes of such darkness of brown that they looked black, nodded.

"With honors?"

(Continued on page 56)

PATRICIA CALVERT

Who made her first stage appearance when her distinguished father, Louis Calvert, made his last, shows by her playing in the road company of *Meet the Wife* that the Calvert talent has not been extinguished



© Underwood and Underwood

SIGMUND ROMBERG

Believing that music is the food of romance, this composer spreads a lyrical feast by such works as *Blossom-Time*, *Louie XIV* and *The Student Prince*



Muray

MILLIA DAVENPORT

Has created many interesting costumes for the Provincetown Players, but nothing quite as spectacular and charming as those worn in *Love for Love*



Muray

(Top, Center)

GLADYS UNGER

Prolific interpreter of the foreign playwright, was represented in this year's theatrical pageant with an adaptation of Bernstein's *Judith* and her own *Starlight*



Kadel and Herbert

THE DUSE MONUMENT

Vincenzo Miserendino, New York sculptor, has caught something of the spirit of Eleonora Duse, standing nobly and simply facing the world, in this heroic cast of the twenty-foot bronze statue which is to be presented to the City of New York. The monument of the great Italian tragédienne will be erected with funds largely contributed by members of the theatrical profession

THE PASSING SHOW

Flashes of New Lights and Old From the Theatrical Horizon

# American Players in London

John Barrymore Gives a Geometric Solution of the Problem of Hamlet

By J. T. GREIN

Special Correspondent of "Theatre Magazine"

London, April 1, 1925.

**H**AMLET is inexhaustible. The problem of his personality fills the library, and every new generation adds a tome of scholarship. The character fascinates the actor of every race, for the part demands more than intelligence and technique to interpret it, and now we recognize the touchstone of histrionic ability is the power to play the Dane. To see Hamlet is now a sacred ritual.

What an excitement buzzed through the Haymarket Theatre on Mr. John Barrymore's first night! What a gala! All London's *intelligentsia* seemed to have foregathered to honor the occasion. We thought of other Hamlets and wondered how this would compare with past achievements. It is a spacious part. The actor may be "fat and scant of breath" as his mother described him, and as Burbage played him according to tradition. He may be played by a woman as he is created on the film, or as he was played by Sarah Bernhardt. He may be an inscrutable melancholiac or a man of action fashioned in the mould of a Forbes Robertson, an Irving or a Tree. The riddle is a perennial perplexity. It is a teasing problem in psychology. What would Mr. Barrymore make of it?

A word at the outset. Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has given us what I consider one of the finest settings London has ever seen. There was an architectural simplicity and beauty in that arch with its flight of stairs reaching out in the background, canopied with a night sky that compelled us with its arresting design. It gave fluency and continuity to the action.

**B**UT what of the player?

I cannot say the distinguished cast gave a distinguished performance. Yet I must except Miss Fay Compton, whose Ophelia was so sensitively touching and so quietly appealing.

Mr. Barrymore is a fine actor. He is a master of gesture and his study is informed with high intelligence. As the action developed, he rivetted attention by his trick of hesitation and suggestions of reality, speaking the glorious poetry with the urgency of every day speech. But Shakespeare's anxiety is ours—it is "out of joint."

I missed the first fine careless rapture which suddenly illumines character by a lightning flash of intuitive acting. I missed the golden mouth of poetry with its intimate soul. Mr. Barrymore might have been interpreting a modern prose problem play. He never opened a gate on that undiscovered country which the great Hamlet must do. His was a careful, intellectual, considered, geometrical solution of the problem. I prefer our own Ernest Milton, and there was more creative method in Ian Swinley—both distinctive studies by

actors born in the phrase of Shakespeare.

Forbes Robertson set a standard to measure by—a standard which leaves Mr. Barrymore's conception in the relation of a richly painted portrait beside a monochrome. I chafed at this new Hamlet, not



© Bertram Park

ELSA MACFARLANE

As Donna Louisa in the successful London revival of Sheridan's sparkling comic opera

because it was thoughtful—there were moments of supreme beauty in the production—not because he took his place in the foreground, for it is essentially a star part, not because it was a self-portrait, for that revealed what a splendid actor he would be in modern prose plays, but because he lacked the wider comprehension to reveal the many colors and dispositions, the multiple soul housed in these divine phrases. He is content to appeal to judgment. He addresses himself to the intelligence. To be truly expressive, Hamlet must strike deeper than the staccato utterance. He must pluck out truth and beauty with sudden rapture and inspirational accents and send us home alive with the terrible fundamental realization that this mad Hamlet is Everyman.

**THE GRAND DUCHESS** at the Globe has added fresh laurels to Miss Margaret Bannerman. This fantastic comedy, by the author of *Blue Beard's Eighth Wife*, is bright and cleverly amusing, but it lacks the bite of a Maugham satire. Possibly Mr. Harry Graham's adaptation has nipped off some of the untranslatable Gallic piquancies of Alfred Savoir's farce, but still by no stretch of imagination can

we feel these puppets have any red corpuscles in them. The puppets of Maugham are always wickedly alive. They behave and talk like people we have met, and apart from their acidulated *bons mots*, we can recognize their prototypes. They are not simply stage conventions. This was the merit of *Our Betters*. Miss Bannerman's triumph is so much the finer, because as we watch her lovingly finger the rope of pearls, we can admire the art, that by gay, witty, subtly alluring touches, can pour the wine of life, sparkling and ebullient, into the empty vial of a conventional figure. What a debt our authors owe to their players! She makes a caricature into a character, and a fantastic, impossible exaggeration with qualities of witty observance, into a lively and vivacious study. This "Grand Duchess" places Miss Bannerman in the front rank of our comédiennes. As "Pearl" in *Our Betters*, she established a reputation. In this new part she has enhanced it. With Miss Edith Evans and Miss Athene Seyler, she becomes one of the trinity who, by their swift intelligence and gracious gifts, adorn our stage.

**L**ET me say a word about *Possessions*. Though it was only put on at the Vaudeville for a brief matinée season, this play by Mr. N. F. Grant is one in a thousand. Why? Because it rings true. Every character breathes, every word vibrates, every situation has the inevitability of life. Defying convention, the plot marches logically to its *dénouement* and we see the strong-willed, semicultured, rich and powerful Baronet M. P. hit in his pride, in his home, in his paternity. There he stands, a tragic monument of loneliness and only his money left to him. It is then he learns that the child—his daughter in name but not in fact—still loves him. She flings her arms round his neck and tells him she has always loved him just as a father. Can you not feel the humanity, the tender beauty of that *point d'orgue*? It was indeed a moment for remembrance. The acting was as moving as the play. Mr. Sam Livesey as the dour plutocrat was wonderful. Beneath his rugged bearing we felt the warm pulse of his heart. He held our interest, wrung our sympathy and brought a mist to our eyes. This was no cardboard puppet. Little wonder that Mr. Livesey startled the theatre. He has been in the penumbra all too long. This magnificent piece of characterization has made his name for good as an artist of remarkable gifts. It is a play to be seen and a credit to our stage.

**T**HE Sunday Play Producing Societies have had a burst of activity. The Phoenix, true to their policy, revived  
(Continued on page 58)

## THE DUENNA

The cruel father, the ardent lover, the eloping daughter and many other traditional figures of the theatre adorn Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy

ACT I, SCENE I. A gay group of masqueraders dancing before the house in which Don Jerome has imprisoned his daughter on the eve of her enforced marriage to Isaac, the Jew



© Bertram Park

*The Duenna* was first produced in 1775 and astonished Georgian London by running for seventy-five performances

ACT I, SCENE II. Don Antonio and Don Ferdinand make plans whereby Donna Louisa may be saved from an unwilling marriage and Donna Clara from the Convent



© Bertram Park



© Bertram Park

We are usually satisfied to-day when the "happy ending" is a wedding—but in *The Duenna* two weddings are thrown in for good measure

ACT III, SCENE VI. After much shifting and the usual misunderstandings, Louisa marries her lover, Antonio, and Clara forswears the veil in favor of Ferdinand

## SHERIDAN MODERNIZED

George Sheringham's Decorative Genius Transforms Eighteenth Century "Duenna" Into Sparkling Twentieth Century Beauty in the London Revival of That Play at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

# The Play That Is Talked About



Bruguère

Abbie (Mary Morris) saves her stepson-lover (Charles Ellis) from the wrath of her aged husband (Walter Huston)

## Desire Under the Elms

A Play in Three Parts by Eugene O'Neill

*IN the present play Mr. O'Neill has contributed a remarkable study of those hardened, inhibited New England characters he knows so well. It is a drama, fiercely uncompromising in its portrayal of human frailties, of the stifled but smoldering passions that give birth, inevitably, to tragedy. The original production by the Provincetown Players provoked wide discussion, but whatever difference of opinion may exist as to its subject, it is unquestionably a powerful play. The following condensation is printed by permission of the author and the producers, The Provincetown Players. Copyright, 1925, by Eugene O'Neill.*

### THE CAST

(As produced at the Earl Carroll Theatre by the Provincetown Players)

Eben Cabot	Charles Ellis
Simeon Cabot	Allen Nagle
Peter Cabot	Victor Kilian
Ephraim Cabot, Their Father	Walter Huston
Abbie Putnam	Mary Morris
A Young Girl	Hume Derr
Farmers—Harold Bates, R. Bruce Eaton, Clement Wilenchick	
A Fiddler	Arthur Mack
An Old Woman	Lucy Ellen Shreve
A Sheriff	R. Bruce Eaton
Deputies	Harold Bates, Clement Wilenchick

THE entire action of the play takes place in and immediately outside the Cabot farmhouse in New England, in the year 1850. It is twilight of a summer's day. Simeon and Peter Cabot have come home from their work in the fields. They are uncouth, taciturn men in their late thirties. Eben Cabot, their half-brother, who is considerably younger, has prepared dinner for them in the barren little dining-room. Ephraim, the father, is not at home.

The two older men talk of their long-cherished dream of some day going out to California, "where thur's gold in the earth, just waitin' ter be furrowed up." The only tie that holds them is apparently the prospect of eventually acquiring the farm—into which they have worked "the flesh and sweat of their years"—through the death of their father. Eben listens in silence. He is plainly of a different cast and

temperament and has never forgiven his father for "workin' Maw into her grave."

EBEN: She still comes back—stands by the stove thar in the evenin'. She can't find it nateral sleepin' an' resting in peace. She can't git used t' bein' free—even in her grave.

SIMEON: She never complained none.

EBEN: She'd got too tired. She'd got too used t' bein' too tired. That was what he done. (*Vengefully*) And sooner 'r later I'll meddle. I'll say the thin's I didn't say t' him. I'll see Maw gits some rest in her grave.

PETER (*after a pause*): Whar in tarnation d'ye s'pose he went, Sim?

SIMEON: Dunno. He druv off in the buggy, spick an' span, with the mare all breshed an' shiny, druv off clackin' his tongue an' wavin' his whip. I remember it right well. I was finishin' plowin'; it was spring, an' May, an' sunset, an' gold in the West, an' he druv off into it. I yells, "Whar ye goin', Paw?" An' he hauls up by the stone wall in a jiffy. His old snake's eyes was glitterin' in the sun like he'd been drinkin' a jugful, an' he says with a mule's grin: "Don't ye run away till I come back." . . . I thought he was drunk 'r I'd stopped him agoin'.

EBEN: No, ye wouldn't. Ye're scared of him. He's stronger—inside—than both of ye put together.

PETER: An' yew—be yew Samson?

EBEN: I'm gittin' stronger. I kin feel it growin' in me—growin' an' growin'—till it'll bust out. . . . I'm goin' out fur a spell.

Eben remains out all night and returns early in the morning with the startling news that their father has taken another wife. Simeon and Peter are profanely philosophical. The "damned old mule" has cheated them out of the farm, so they might as well pack up and hit the road for California.

EBEN: Ye'd like ridin' on a boat, wouldn't ye? (*Takes crumpled paper from his pocket.*) Waal, if ye sign this, ye kin ride on a boat. I've had it writ out an' ready in case ye'd ever go. It says fur three hundred dollars each ye agree yewr shares o' the farm is sold t' me. SIMEON (*wonderingly*): But if he's hitched agen—

PETER: An' whar'd ye git that sum o' money, anyways?

EBEN: I know whar it's hid. I been waitin'. Maw told me. She knew whar it lay fur years, but she was waitin'. It's her'n—the money he hoarded from her farm an' hid from Maw. It's mine by rights now.

The older brothers talk it over and tell Eben they'll let him know their decision later. In the meantime they're going to rest easy once in their lives and let the farm work go to blazes.

LATER in the morning they spy their father's buggy in the distance. Simeon and Peter hastily make ready for their departure, in the meantime notifying Eben that they will sign his paper. The latter—alone in the kitchen—stealthily removes a loose floor panel, takes out a bag of gold coins and replaces the panel.



HELEN CAHAGAN

Adds another tantalizingly naughty and thoroughly sophisticated young wife to the season's coterie of Continental "helpmates" (who don't help) with her clever characterization of Krista in *The Sapphire Ring*

Goldberg



White

PATRICIA COLLINGE

Recently played with winsomeness and a tender sadness the rôle of a girl whose war-romance brought her under the wing of *The Dark Angel*



Goldberg

FAY Bainter

Will reiterate her mandarin-girl to music next Autumn when William Harris, Jr., will bring the melody version of *East Is West* to New York



H. Waxman

PEGGY WOOD

Stepped gracefully from the charming banalities of musical comedy heroines into the deep womanliness and poetry of *Candida*

## AMERICAN INTERPRETERS OF FOREIGN TYPES

*Gifted Actresses Who Play With Ease and Understanding the Heroines of Other Lands, Ranging From Shaw's Wisest Woman to a Contemporary Chinese Flapper*

When the others come down with their carpet bags, the transaction is completed.

A moment later Ephraim Cabot drives into the yard and helps his bride from the carriage. He is a tall, grim-visaged man of seventy-five, stoop-shouldered from toil. His eyes are small, close together and extremely near-sighted. The woman, Abbie Putnam, is a vital, buxom wench of thirty-five, her round face rather pretty, but marred by its gross sensuality. She has an obstinate jaw and her whole bearing denotes determination.

CABOT: Har we be to hum, Abbie.

ABBIE: Hum! It's purty—purty. I can't believe it's r'ally mine.

CABOT (*sharply*): Yewr'n? Mine! (*Relenting*): Our'n mebbe! It was lonesome too long. I was growin' old in the spring. A hum's got t' hev a woman.

ABBIE: A woman's got t' hev a hum.

CABOT: Ay—eh. (*Then irritably*): Whar be they? Ain't thar nobody about—'r workin'—'r nothin'?

ABBIE: Thar's two men loafin' at the gate an' starin' at me like a couple o' strayed dogs.

Whereupon Simeon and Peter make their presence and their plans known. They do it with a taunting insolence that at first bewilders and then maddens the old man. In a towering rage he drives them off the farm and listens in trembling silence to the raillery of their song as they swing off down the road.

Abbie goes into the house, while Ephraim turns to the barn, to see that no harm has come to the stock. Eben is in the kitchen when his stepmother enters. ABBIE: Be you Eben? I'm Abbie. (*Laughs.*) I mean, I'm yer new Maw.

EBEN (*viciously*): No, damn ye!

ABBIE: Yer Paw's spoke a lot o' ye. . . . Ye mustn't mind him. He's an old man. (*Pause.*) I don't want t' pretend playin' Maw t' ye, Eben. Ye're too big and too strong fur that. I want t' be frens with ye. Mebbe with me fur a fren ye'd like livin' here better. I kin make it easy fur ye with him mebbe—

EBEN (*physically attracted to her, but scornful*): Ye kin go to th' devil.

ABBIE: If cussin' does ye good, cuss all ye've a mind t'. I don't blame ye fur bein' again me—at fust. (*Watches him carefully.*) Ye must 'a cared a lot fur your Maw, didn't ye? My Maw died afore I'd growed. I don't remember her none. But ye won't hate me long, Eben. I'm not the wust in the world—an' yew an' me 've got a lot in common. I kin tell that by lookin' at ye. Waal, I've had a hard life, too—oceans o' trouble an' nuthin' but hard work fur reward. . . . I'd most give up hope o' ever doin' my own work in my own hum, an' then your Paw come—

EBEN (*harshly*): An' bought ye—like a harlot. ABBIE (*stung*): Waal—what if I did need a hum? What else 'd I marry an old man like him fur?

EBEN: I'll tell him ye said that.

ABBIE: I'll say ye're lyin' a-purpose—an' he'll drive ye off the place. This be my farm—this be my hum—this be my kitchen—

EBEN: Shut up, damn ye.

ABBIE: An' up-stairs that be my bedroom—an' my bed. (*Adds softly*): I hain't bad nor mean—'ceptin' fur an enemy—but I got t' fight fur what's due me out o' life, if I ever 'spect t' get it. Let's yew an' me be friends, Eben.

PART TWO—two months later. Eben and Abbie are still at daggers' ends, although the latter's physical attraction is sometimes a fire to the boy's slumbering passion. He ignores her advances, however, until, piqued beyond endurance, she lies to Ephraim, telling him Eben has made love to her. The old man becomes enraged and threatens to kill his son, but Abbie finally quiets him.

CABOT: Waal, then I'll horsewhip him off the place, if that much 'll content ye.

ABBIE: No, don't think o' me. Ye mustn't drive him off. 'Tain't sensible. Who'll ye get to help ye on the farm? They's no one hereabouts.

CABOT (*reflectively*): Ye got a head on ye. Waal, let him stay. But har's the p'int—what son o' mine 'll keep on here t' the



Goldberg

#### DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

Abbie confesses to the murder of their child

farm? Simeon an' Peter air gone t' hell.

ABBIE: They's me.

CABOT: Ye're a woman. A son is me—my blood—mine. Mine ought t' git mine. An' then it's still mine—even though I be six foot under. D'ye see?

ABBIE (*becomes thoughtful*): Ah—eh. I see. (*Suddenly*): Mebbe the Lord'll give us a son.

CABOT (*eagerly*): Ye mean a son—t' me 'n yew?

ABBIE: Ye're a strong man yet, hain't ye? 'Tain't noways impossible, be it? We know that. Why d'ye stare so? Hain't ye never thought o' that afore? I been thinkin' o' it all along. An' I been prayin' it 'd happen, too.

CABOT (*in religious ecstasy*): Ye been prayin', Abbie, fur a son t' us? It'd be the blessin' o' God, Abbie—the blessin' o' God A'mighty in my old age—in my lonesomeness! They hain't nothin' I wouldn't do fur ye then.

ABBIE: Would ye will the farm t' me then—t' me an' it—?

CABOT (*vehemently*): I'd do anythin' ye axed, I tell ye. I sw'ar it!

Several nights later Ephraim and Abbie are getting ready for bed. Ephraim is in a retrospective mood. "Listen, Abbie, when I come here fifty-odd year ago—I was jest twenty an' the strongest an' hardest ye ever seen—ten times as strong an' fifty times as hard as Eben.

Waal—this place was nothin' but fields o' stone. Folks laughed when I tuk it. They couldn't know what I knowed. When ye kin make corn sprout out o' stones, God's livin' in yew. They wan't strong enough fur that. They thought God was easy. They laughed. They don't laugh no more—they're all under ground—for follerin' arter an easy God. God hain't easy."

His spouse being glum and unresponsive, Ephraim puts on his boots and trousers and stumps off down the stairs to make a round of the barns. He has grown restless of late. After he leaves, Abbie puts on her slippers and creeps stealthily into Eben's room. The latter is still up, and Abbie throws herself into his arms. For an instant they cling in a passionate embrace and then Eben throws her from him.

EBEN: Git out afore I murder ye!

ABBIE (*quite confident*): I hain't a mite afear'd. Ye want me, don't ye? Look at yer eyes! They's lust fur me in 'em, burnin' 'em up. Look at yer lips now! They're tremblin' an' longin' t' kiss me, an' yer teeth t' bite! (*He is watching her with a horrible fascination.*) I'm a-goin' t' make all o' this hum my hum! They's one room hain't mine yet, but it's t' be to-night. I'm a-goin' down now an' light up. (*With a mocking bow*): Won't ye come courtin' me in the best parlor, Mister Cabot?

EBEN (*staring*): Don't ye dare! It hain't been opened since Maw died an' was laid out there. Don't ye!

ABBIE (*backs out door*): I'll expect ye afore long, Eben.

EBEN (*stares after her*): In the parlor? . . . Maw! Whar air yew?

Later, in the parlor.

EBEN (*to the presence he feels in the room*): Maw! Maw! What d'ye want? What air ye tellin' me?

ABBIE: She's tellin' ye t' love me. She knows I love ye an' I'll be good t' ye. Can't ye feel it? Don't ye know? She's tellin' ye t' love me, Eben!

EBEN: I can't figger it out—why—when ye've stole her place—here in her hum—in the parlor where she was—

ABBIE (*fiercely*): She knows I love ye!

EBEN (*suddenly brightening*): I see! It's her vengeance on him—so's she kin rest quiet in her grave.

ABBIE (*wildly*): Vengeance on him! Vengeance o' her on me—an' yew. Vengeance o' God on the hull o' us! What dew ye give a durn? I love ye, Eben. God knows, I love ye!

EBEN (*releasing all his pent-up emotion*): An' I love ye, Abbie—now I kin say it! I been dyin' fur want o' ye—every hour—since ye come. I love ye! (*Their lips meet in a fierce, bruising kiss.*)

PART THREE—a night in late spring, the following year. Festivities are in progress in the Cabot farmhouse in celebration of the arrival of a son and heir to old Ephraim. Liquor is flowing and the old man is in a frenzy of exhilaration. Up-stairs, in its little crib, lies the new baby. Eben and Abbie are bending over it. From below comes the scraping of a fiddle and the prancing of roughshod feet.

EBEN (*frowning*): I don't like this. I don't like lettin' on what's mine is his'n. I been doin' that all my life. I'm gittin' t' the end o' b'arin' it.

ABBIE (*putting finger on his lips*): We're doin' (*Continued on page 54*)



Photo Goldberg

## PETRUSCHKA

*The art of Adolph Bolm has matured to even deeper beauty since his days with the Diaghileff Ballet Russe. His dancing of the agonized puppet in the Metropolitan's production of Stravinsky's "Petruschka" is a satiric commentary on the frantic gestures of every-day existence and a pathetic mimicry of their futility*



## BUZZARDS OF THE BALLROOM

Sketched from life, by WYNN

*Birds of prey terpsichorean who bring no partners to the party—except possibly “something on the hip,” but stand around waiting for a regular “tripper of the light fantastic toe” to trip up on a step—when they “cut in” and steal his girl. The “watchful waiting” attitude of these “old birds not to be caught by chaff” impressed our artist with its resemblance to the buzzards sitting on a rail-fence waiting for an old cow to die; and many a young dancer who is “dying on his feet” feels their cruel, covetous eyes boring into his back, and sees them nudge each other—with exactly the hunch-shouldered hopping motion of buzzards confabbing together—and in imagination he hears them croak: “Time to cut in on that floor-walloper—he has two left feet and is dead from the knees down—but his girl is a pippin”*

# The Dance Temple

*Where Ned Wayburn Turns Raw Rookies Into Light-footed Beauty Brigades of Musical Comedy*

By CAROL BIRD

**T**WINKLING toes. Twirling bodies. Rows of gleaming white legs kicking in unison. Bobbed heads nodding. Small hands fluttering like bird wings.

Dancing Darlings of the big Musical Comedy and Revue, choruses going through their tricks.

Light and airy gestures. Insouciance. Superb sense of rhythm. Grace and poise. Lithe and supple bodies whirling through their various stunts like puffs of thistle-down.

Easy! A gay and frolicsome way to earn the weekly gravy?

Guess again, My Dears!

Or, better still, visit the Ned Wayburn Studio, where most of the dancers of the stage receive their training. Ned Wayburn is known to thousands as the genius behind *The Follies*. He is a creator, producer and director of musical comedies, revues, vaudeville acts, fêtes and every other form of entertainment that features spectacular dancing, either solo or ensemble. It is but natural that the girls who cherish dreams of dancing careers should follow the green line which leads to his studio.

Here, in the big temple of dance, you can trace the evolution of a stage dancer. You can follow her career from the raw, rookie period to the time when she whirls out in one of the big revues in a bunch of white, swishing ostrich feathers and a diamond tiara.

The time when she is past mistress of trick splits and plucks off a manilla pay envelope which would look big to a bank president! She can now engage in fits of temperament and smash up all the stage property in a blue funk if the mood seizes her. No longer need she cringe at a sharp reproof from a dancing instructor. No. Her ship has reached port. Times have changed for Maizie Morrison since the days when she went through the paces in her little pink rompers at the Wayburn Studios.

**A** HUNDRED little Maizies are weeping now as they read this. Not sweet and sentimental tears of remembrance, but briny ones which recall sore muscles and rainbow spines.

Come on, enter the rookie ranks with Maizie. See the awkward squad in action and learn how the thing is done. If you do, you'll never again watch the members of a

chorus do their numbers and sniff at their easy work. Come on, go back through the years with Maizie to her "freshman year." Watch her being initiated. Maizie and all her little classmates wear colored rompers or Annette Kellerman one-piece bathing suits. Half hose. Or bare legs. Soft ballet shoes. Sneakers or tennis shoes. This is

ble and their nice rouged outlines get smudgy. She begins to ache all over. Her kick becomes lower and more awkward. Her work is listless and sloppy. A vigilant dance instructor, who owns several dozen pairs of exceedingly sharp eyes, spies her lackadaisical movements. He seeks her out, and she snaps back into form again.

The long, long wait before that heavenly minute recess! At last it arrives. She drops into a chair on the fringe of the ballroom, which is really the classroom. Then she drags herself to the water-fountain and takes a long drink. The music starts. The dancing rookies fall automatically back into the ranks. One, two, three—kick. One, two, three—kick. Right, kick! Left, kick! She gets rattled and can't figure out which is her own left leg. Legs, legs,

legs! The air is filled with them. Hundreds of legs. Thousands of legs. Millions of 'em. Her own legs begin to wobble. They become unsubstantial props with which to hold up a weary body. Her back is bent. She feels and looks like a drooping lily. The omniscient instructor who can single out a sloppy dancer in the last row calls out something caustic. She throws back her shoulders, pulls in her tummy, sticks out her chest and flings her left leg high in the air with the first sharply uttered command.

The hour drags. It seems endless. She feels she's been drilling for an eternity. At last it is over. The shower. And—if she hasn't another class that day—Home. And for a week afterwards Maizie can't pick up her handkerchief when she drops it on the floor. Nor climb a flight of stairs. And her nights are punctuated by dancing nightmares. She dreams that little red dancing devils are prodding her in the back with fiery pitchforks. And that other little imps are sticking heated pins in her legs. Ah, believe me, Maizie earns her way to dancing stardom!

**B**UT don't gather from this that Maizie finds the dance temple a chamber of horrors. No, indeed. She is a wise and ambitious girl. She knows that this path to the stage-dancing career is not one of rugs and roses. She secretly likes the discipline, the hard and serious work. She feels that she is getting her money's worth

(Continued on page 64)



White

Ned Wayburn teaching little dancing cocoons how to be bright Broadway butterflies

one of the classes in Foundation Technique. Limbering and stretching work. It is especially designed to build dancing strength, to obtain muscle control and to make the body generally fit for dancing.

In this class Maizie and her playmates develop the dancing muscles and make them flexible. They are properly limbered to assure suppleness and grace of movement. It is a purely physical process. Through it Maizie acquires a symmetrical body. But, oh, what that very excellent and necessary course does to the old body that Maizie brought with her to the dance temple to have transformed into a new and graceful one!

Maizie must lie flat on the floor. Kick up her legs to music. Raise and drop her body to music. And there aren't any downy feather cushions on which to flop. Polished hardwood floors of the hardest variety. Maizie bobs up and down, with knees spread out. Arms outstretched. Then she stoops and touches her toes without bending her knees. She clasps the waists of her classmates, as in straight, rhythmic ranks all the bobbed-hair blondes and brunettes do the front kick, the side kick, the back kick and the hitch kick. She sprawls on all fours, feet and hands. She kicks above her head. She stands on one leg like a crane and whirls the other one in mid-air. Eight times. Sixteen times or maybe a hundred.

Perspiration drips off her fair face and mingles with the blue dye of her damp bathing suit. Black mascara dribbles from her eyelashes, orange rouge takes on a still more hectic shade. Her rose-bud lips trem-

# S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

*Grass. Smouldering Fires. The Way of a Girl. Seven Chances*

By FRANK VREELAND

**R**OMANCE—the cinemas that are committed in your name! Press-agents and scenarists are alike guilty. The press-agents especially have battered and bludgeoned the poor old word out of all recognition. If the principal feature of a motion picture is a very realistic tenement fire, nevertheless the publicity wizard must squirt large streams of adjectives over it, drowning it out in a rosy vapor meant to imply that romance is really the big, throbbing element in the photoplay.

Thus in the proselytizing about *Grass*, the Persian epic of herbage, the effort by producers and promoters alike to read the archly amorous and adventurous into a strictly actual travel record nearly flattens the picture out with its boomerang force. This graphic chronicle of the wanderings of a nomadic Arab tribe in quest of grazing lands for their herds has more pure, almost 100-percent, bunk shed about it than any other film in years. If it weren't an extremely fine film, if it didn't have the tang of life about it, the picture would be oversold by this process, leading the spectator to exclaim afterward, "Oh, only a picture of the sheiks of the desert returning to their muttuns."

**M**ERIAN C. COOPER and Ernest B. Schoedsack, roving spirits from America, set out to catch the long trek of these primitive, sun-scorched Aryans as they made their semiannual pilgrimage with their cattle from regions where fodder was growing scarcer to lands where the animals' breakfast food is more lush. An American woman who accompanied the pair, Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, crops out in the picture anomalously from time to time. But most of its rather short length is devoted to the quaint customs of these wanderers who love a goat more than a mother-in-law and will carry one up the hillside but not the other.

Some softly lustrous vistas have been immortalized by Schoedsack, bringing to one the vast and rugged stretches of the globe that are still immune to man, still unpunctuated with telegraph poles. Two scenes are clamped upon the memory. One is the crossing of the turbid river, with men paddling frantically across on flimsy rafts and with hordes of animals being swept past on the swirling torrent like helpless waterbugs. The other is the superb panorama

of the serpentine line of plodders winding their way up the last towering peak which bars their way to the land of promise, some of them barefoot in the snow.

More stress is laid on the menagerie than in that other great travel picture, *Nanook of the North*. Moreover, this has less of the elemental drama about it, of man the hero fighting that great villain, nature. But it does have an arresting appeal because it tingles with a sense of an odd new glimpse of the world, and with a hint of the instability of human existence, always

web of a sister with a greater supply of youth and good looks. Such is the simple story, and the cast stick to it. There are no baneful heroics, but a sympathetic realism and a sense of the terrible tyranny of youth. Malcolm McGregor and Laura La Plante play the other rôles adequately, and Miss Frederick has a shining power which compensates for any dimming of beauty. With haggard cheeks and whipcord throat she makes no attempt to disguise this heart-haunted matron as a lovelorn lass. It is a privilege to watch Miss Frederick tear

off the dunce-cap of her final clown's costume, say bitterly, "What a fool I've been!" and then in a Pagliacci moment pretend to the other two that she wants to turn loose her youthful husband, the while her heart is breaking.

## THE WAY OF A GIRL

**R**OMANCE comes in for some joyous bedeviling in *The Way of a Girl*. One rather suspects that the producers went ahead with this adaptation of Katherine Newlin Burt's story, "The Summons," as a straight Western wherein the giddy girl who itches for thrills falls into the clutches of two fugitive murderers.

Then the film mandarins must have become acutely aware of what a soggy piece of dough the public would have to digest. Thereupon, it would appear, they decided to spoof the picture and induce the public to swallow as a joke what would make them gag as a serious drama.

Unadulterated travesty, however, might have caused further anguish. But thanks to Robert G. Vignola, the director, and Albert Shelby Le Veno, the scenarist, it has become one of those rare pictures, like *Hollywood*, which burlesques with a marvelous restraint that shies away from slapstick.

The beholder is shown the scenario writer, with a Puckish air, summoning his hero and heroine out of the photographs in his drawer and then, by dainty tricks of double exposure, calling them back from time to time to exhort them, to reprimand them and generally to act as a sportive deus ex typewriter machina. The lithe, blithe Eleanor Boardman, so volatily apt at anon purring, anon unsheathing her claws, and the drolly unexcitable Matt Moore are the two mannikins who put bubbling delight into this story of the engaged couple that seek to find out who's boss around here.



*Grass*, the new travel picture of Persia, is distinguished by superb vistas such as this, with the immemorial forces of nature brooding among the grim sentries of the hills

just one jump ahead of necessity. And it puts that appeal over despite florid titles which strain to push it along with a whoop-de-do and which strive to pound the cosmic urge into what is, after all, merely the annual spring drive for more and better alfalfa.

## SMOULDERING FIRES

**O**N the other hand, all pretense at pink-ribboned romance has been pitched overboard in *Smouldering Fires*, apparently because someone in the film industry became aggravated by it. The photoplay is all the better for having the air cleared in this way. It is a quite daring and praiseworthy essay at depicting the erotic volcano that slumbers in a middle-aged bachelor maid, so honestly done that it might have come from the Scandinavian. Not only the astute directing of young Clarence Brown, but the beautifully balanced, wistful acting of Pauline Frederick elevate this into one of the finest pictures of the year, in which even the typically filmsque title for once is not intrusive.

The brilliant but elderly spinster who owns a factory is attracted by a dashing, youthful employé, marries him and then realizes too late that he has fallen into the



Wescosco-Mortensen

### BASSANIO AND PORTIA

*This Scene Showing Rudolph Valentino and Mlle. Zanini in "The Merchant of Venice," Gives a Hint of What the Playwright of Avon Has to Offer the Film World*

## SEVEN CHANCES

THE same proclivity to treat affairs of the heart in a very light and nimble spirit is discernible in Buster Keaton's latest screen scramble, *Seven Chances*. That Keaton would make a sublimely solemn jackass out of a young lover is only to be expected. But that he should go to a David Belasco play to do this gives one quite a turn. However, Keaton uses only as a preliminary, to get his legs wound up, the farcical situation of the bashful youth who must propose to seven girls in one day to gain a bride who will save the inevitable fortune. The real tumult and shouting of the picture is concerned with a wild pursuit of the alarmed comedian by frenzied hordes of assorted applicants for the job of bride, a chase that becomes convulsing. Among other ingeniously ludicrous incidents is that of Keaton sprinting down a hillside to keep clear of a pursuing rabble of rocks. Few comedians understand better than he the matter of timing, and his method of seeming insouciance which suddenly turns into a mad gallop is quite upsetting to anyone's dignity.

## INTRODUCE ME

**INTRODUCE ME**, Douglas MacLean's latest vehicle, is similarly derisive of the young lover who has to be prodded into winning his suit. In this case the attainment of the girl's hand depends on the attainment of an Alpine summit, which the tremulous MacLean surmounts when a bear stimulates his legs. Like Keaton, MacLean uses the same device of bounding down the slopes with an avalanche, but as an integral part of it, for he is rolled up into a snowball. The picture depends for humor on the familiar formula of getting a timid hero wound up in a tight predicament, and it is also largely an unwinding of gags. But its titles are funny and it is one of the best opportunities this fresh and neatly groomed young *farceur* has had to show his talent for looking abysmally sick in the midst of general rejoicing—and also to reveal that he can throttle down his hitherto rampant smile.

## CONTRABAND

**CONTRABAND** likewise belongs to the school of pictures inclined to give their young gallants a slap on the wrist. It would not be much more than an ordinary tale of the girl owner of a small-town newspaper who crusades forth to put the local rum-running talent out of business, if it were not for the maundering character played by Raymond McKee, slightly idiotic but endearing. He depicts a pedantic young professor working on the newspaper, a sort of "Queed" type who has his backbone stimulated by a few well-directed kicks. Lois Wilson flutters about in an unremittently sweet fashion as the paper proprietor. Broad comedy of rustic

by-play is provided by Raymond Hatton and Victor Potel in a spirited contest for the male beauty crown of the hamlet.

## SALLY

**BUT** don't imagine for a moment that romance has been permanently sunk on the screen, or even waterlogged. *Sally*, the film version of Florenz Ziegfeld's noted musical comedy, is sheer romance, enlivened with sufficient comedy to take the Cinderella curse off the story. Colleen Moore brings her intangibly winsome personality to the part of the little orphan dishwasher who rises to abrupt fame as a dancer, and performs with equal sincerity

would be just another picture of the mighty laid low and forced to scrape along with only a dozen servants, but for the judiciously indiscreet acting of Lewis Stone as the dissipated monarch.

Stone is ever the saintly rake. In the midst of a gay supper with the fair but foolish ladies, or in a moment of mocking disdain for his sovereign obligations, he seems always to be nipped by the pangs of conscience, to have some secret sorrow gnawing at his vitals. That's why his pathos seems so naturally attainable, and why it is not hard to forgive him even when he grows tipsy and kicks his crown about giddily. In the rôle of the queen Alice Terry has full scope for her four standard emotions, which are, reading from left to right, surprise, fear, disdain, sorrow. She is supposed to be a very imposing, superior sort of queen, but the extracts from her diary would indicate she is suspiciously like a schoolgirl.

## THE SWAN

**AGAIN** is a picture saved by the ocular agility of one man, this time Adolphe Menjou being the life-saver for *The Swan* with his oblique glances. The celluloid adaptation of Ferencz Molnar's velvety comedy has been produced with a lavishness that few modern monarchies could now afford. And some other features suggest royalty done over to suit Hollywood taste. Claire Eames, as the strident royal mother of the princely suitor, has been allotted a make-up that suggests a wax figure in the old Eden Musee. The rôle of the intellectual suitor has been awarded to Ricardo Cortez, who could play the part of a swaggering barber much better. He indulges in an interminable duel all over the palace before achieving the climacteric kiss doled out by Princess Frances Howard, who

is pretty but more negative than Molnar has warranted. But all these flaws are blotted out by Menjou's insidious smile.

## A KISS IN THE DARK

**MENJOU** is once more the gently glowing light behind a photoplay in *A Kiss in the Dark*, but here he has a story of gossamer delight on which to shed his illuminating powers. Frank Tuttle, the director, and Townsend Martin, the scenarist, have wrought Frederick Lonsdale's play, *Aren't We All*, into a graceful pattern of their own individual kind, in spite of having shredded away most of the original. Transferring the locale to the United States, they abolish the jolly sophisticated father—the rôle through which Cyril Maude beamed—and transfer his Santa Claus qualities to none other than the pseudo-villain. But these young adapters have a blandly entertaining time in titillating the conventional triangle, in bending the elegant worldling into the

(Continued on page 62)



Richee

The lustrous Pola Negri, on her return from a visit to her home in Poland, is assured at last of a supply of the right type of story in vehicles by Joseph Hergesheimer and Michael Arlen

a vegetable fight with ragamuffins and a lively dance in society. But chief interest centers in Leon Errol, who finally gets at large on the screen. In his original rôle of the duke turned waiter Errol's staggers and falls are as comic on the silver sheet as on the stage, and he ought to provide many future reels of amusement if he doesn't football his mannerisms too incessantly into the picture. Lloyd Hughes looks lyrical in the muffled tenor rôle.

## CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN

**FURTHER** opulent scrollwork of romance is spread on the screen in *Confessions of a Queen*. Here is royalty suffering very expensively. We defy the shade of Alphonse Daudet to recognize in this highly veneered product his own beloved "Kings in Exile." Victor Seastrom, exemplary Scandinavian director, has handled parts of it very well, especially a briskly businesslike revolution that seems modeled after the latest styles, with no grand-stand nonsense about it. But it



Strauss-Peyton

*Jackie Coogan in His Latest Picture, "The Rag Man," Has Returned to the Ragamuffin Costume of Sweater and Cap, with Tears to Match, Which Made Him Famous with Charlie Chaplin.*



**EARLE BOOTHE**  
Met James Gleason, author of *Is Zat So*, in France and is now the producer of that hilarious comedy



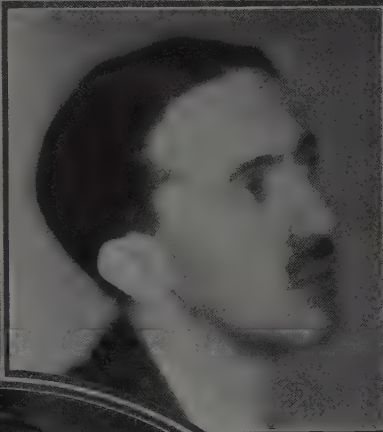
*Kessler*

**ROSALIE STEWART**  
Co-producer with the late Bert French of *The Show-Off*



*Marcia Stein*

**ROBERT MILTON**  
Long-time successful stage director, has this season become producer on his own account



**GUTHRIE McCLINTIC**  
Actor and stage director, produced *Mrs. Partridge* Presents this season

*Habington*



**VINTON FREEDLEY**  
Producer with Alex Aarons of *Lady, Be Good*



*Murray*

**HORACE LIVERIGHT**  
Well-known publisher, ventured into producing this season with Schwab and Mandel with *The Firebrand*



*Marceau*

**EDWARD GOODMAN**  
Organized The Stagers, whose initial production was *The Blue Peter*



**ALEX AARONS**  
Not only has this young producer won his laurels in New York; he also has two plays running successfully in London

## MEET THE NEW PRODUCERS

*The Younger Generation Bring to the Theatre a New Technique and a Fresh Viewpoint*

# R . A . I . O

Summer Concerts. Cosmo Hamilton's Talks. Tuning in on Grand Opera

By CHARLOTTE GEER

THE open season for the urbanites and suburbanites is the closed season for DX and the silly season for the studios. No sooner do the days get sultry and the nights balmy than a pall of static descends on the channels of aerial communication and forms an impenetrable barrier between the near and far. DX husbands wax plaintive and difficult to live with, musically inclined wives become caustic in their remarks on the Radio output and press-agents and advertising men and the whole happy family of announcers search their brains and extend their vocabularies beyond the danger line trying to make the ear phones attractive in the mad, bad old summertime.

Even now before the new bathing suits have been tried on the male population or the mosquitoes have tested the quality of the summer boarder, one of our correspondents writes that "the static is awful," and we agree with him. Some benefactor of the human race must rise up from obscurity before long and invent a real wave filter that will remove from the warblers of Dvorak or Chadwick and the emulators of Kreisler and Hoffman the mundane background of frying eggs. But at present Radio stages a perfect imitation of that homely sound, and perhaps it is just as well that during this period music retires in favor of jazz and baseball.

LAST year Goldman's band and the political conventions proved life-savers to the program factories, but at this writing it seems as if the former were permanently banished from the Mall. Mr. Popenoe, the erudite and courteous manager of the Radio Corporation studios, assures us that if there is so much as a hint of a summer concert course from Mr. Goldman, WJZ will be there to lap it up.

Meantime one delightful series is to be given us over the air; the stadium concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society will again be faithfully transmitted by WJZ, and, although Ernest Newman says that a symphony broadcast bears but the slightest resemblance to the real thing, we think that a lot of people would be glad to put up with a near relation for the sake of enjoying them from one's own breeze-swept porch. One is always optimistic about summer breezes at this season, when the moth balls have only just penetrated the folds of one's fur coat. However, we remember sitting on a truly zephyr-cooled piazza last year with an orangeade at our elbow and a cushion at our back, listening to one of these broadcast concerts and thinking that Radio and summer moonlight made up in large measure for some of the joys which have lately been removed from our midst and which return but synthetically and strangely altered.

WJZ will also continue the really fine

concerts from the Wanamaker auditorium, and although this month sees the end of the Brunswick Hour, there is a general feeling about the studio that they will be resumed next year. The Brunswick Memory Concerts bored us a good deal, but the recitals, nicely tagged as to artists and selections, have been a real source of delight. Particularly the one they gave in April when John Charles Thomas and Elizabeth Rethberg sang so charmingly and with such an entire absence of that devastating micro-



GRAHAM McNAMEE, WEA  
The best-known voice in the air

phone fright which has pinched the tones of so many of our famous Radio débutants.

WE hope you have been listening to Cosmo Hamilton, who has talked every week over WJY and has been so immensely entertaining and humorous that he has won our forgiveness for most of his books and some but not all of his recent dramas. He has actually been epigrammatic with the Radio audience and talked to them as if they possessed average acumen and a smattering of literary background. Such an attitude is almost unheard of in Radio lecturers who expurgate from their discourses all words over one syllable and adopt a delivery that should be accompanied by a funeral march. They are of the same opinion as the motion-picture operator who leaves a title on the screen for such a long time, that after reading it forwards and backwards, we still have time to read all the ads in the program before the picture is resumed.

Having translated coffee, chewing-gum,

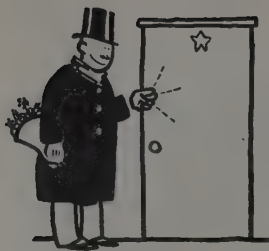
furniture, candy, tooth-paste, automobiles, tires, radio sets, soap-powders and hotels into music, WEA has added typewriters to their list, and the Royal Little Symphony has as its leader no lesser light than the great George Barrère. Truly, you have but to scratch an advertiser to find a celebrity, at least 'tis true of WEA. Grand Opera has been really launched on this station, and their presentations of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto* and *Aida* by their own Grand Opera company have been quite worth while.

PERSONALLY we suggest tuning in for opera on WGBS to appreciate how well they do it on WEA.

The versatile McNamee of the telephone station has brushed up on his baseball patter, and we believe that even the Babe on his bed of pain didn't shudder at the way Graham put over the game between the Giants and Boston. For a church singer, McNamee has as pretty a bag of tricks as anyone we know, and not very long ago he told us that he is also an author and was about to bring out a book of sidelights on Radio work. His fan mail is growing steadily, and most people don't seem to mind his overpowering sentimentality when he injects moonlight and "I-u-v-e" into the A. and P. Gypsies or the Spear Entertainers or the Eveready Hours. It gives us Radio indigestion, and it seems a pity that a man who can be as apt and snappy as he is at a prize-fight or a convention should smother these perfectly ordinary though pleasing entertainers with the bathos of Ethel Dell at her worst.

One of the tragedies of broadcasting is the detention of Tom Cowan in the municipal fastnesses of WNYC, where even he cannot put on a program that is worth the ear strain. The same is true thus far of Ed Squires on WMCA. Both these men are tried and true announcers who have proved their Radio worth, but the big fellows at 195 Broadway and West Forty-second Street absorb about all the talent to be found about the town. If an artist is going to donate his or her services to the cause, they naturally would prefer a station that can boast the largest audience, and both WJZ and WEA, with their affiliated stations, can slay their millions where the other broadcasters can only deafen a few paltry thousands.

Have you been one of the group who have listened to Godfrey Ludlow and his Stradivarius, accompanied by the dashing McLeod every Sunday evening on WJZ? No matter how distracted and modern and jazzy your Sunday may have been, no matter how acute your sense of guilt born of the blood of your Puritan ancestors, if you tune in on these artists and at the conclusion of the recital tune out, you will go to bed at peace with the world and your conscience.



# Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside  
of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



**B**ROADWAY will have much of MICHAEL ARLEN next season. Not that Broadway has not had much of him already. In the few brief weeks that he was here he managed to meet more people and to attend more parties than any other celebrity than (I speak reverently) the PRINCE OF WALES.

He will be back next August for the opening of *The Green Hat*, will depart forthwith for Hollywood for a couple of months, making pictures for POLA NEGRI, will return and take a house for the winter. Later he will go to Palm Beach.

Both Mr. Arlen's geniality and his business acumen has impressed Broadway. For the Negri pictures he will receive \$50,000; his contract for *The Green Hat* is said to be unparalleled in its liberality. He will even receive 75 per cent. of the movie rights of this piece, which has already made a success in the Middle West. It is whispered, too, that he has done very well at poker. He has refused to lecture. He is writing for CYRIL MAUDE a play from *These Charming People*. So much impressed is he with the financial possibilities of the theatre that much of his future writing will be in scenes and dialogue. Two subsequent plays, already in his mind, are *This Lady's Heart* and *The Last Aristocrat*.

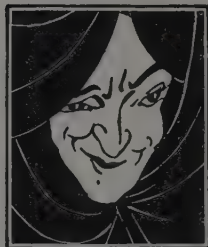
ALICE BRADY'S contract with Famous Players runs out presently and she will probably do more acting than in the past few seasons. For a number of years she has been receiving from the picture company some \$5,000 a week, play or pay. They have not found pictures for her and have therefore paid. Currently she is concerned with a French farce, called *Jacqueline's Husband*, in try-out for her father. This will probably be her first fall vehicle. It represents a distinct and interesting change from her usual rôles of tears and tragedy.

*What Price Glory* has dropped to some extent its phenomenal drawing power of the early months, but is yet rated to go through the summer. The original company will open in Chicago in September. Next season at least four companies will be thrown to the public mercy, with each of them tying up in every town with the local American Legion. Thus censorship may be avoided in many cases. Thus free advertising and assured attendance. Though *They Knew What They Wanted* won the Pulitzer prize award, it is known that *Glory* was second in the votes of both judges, CLAYTON HAMILTON and JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. HAMLIN GARLAND, also of the committee, dropped out for a reason undivulged. Bitter protests against the decision are still stirring.

HOUDINI will desert vaudeville next season to try a novel experiment of appearing in a show of his own. L. LAWRENCE WEBER is the producer and the piece will apparently be mostly musical. Talk has often arisen as to the advisability of a musical-mystery play. Apparently this is it.

FRANK EGAN, Coast producer, sold *White Collars* to ANNE NICHOLS and departed for the Coast. He will try several plays there on the assumption that the uneven Broadway luck he had with *Starlight* and *White Collars* cannot last. Both were hits in the West. Among the new ones will be MRS. LESLIE CARTER in *The Shanghai Gesture*.

It is now a question whether EDITH DAY or MARY ELLIS will play *The Green Peach* next Fall for ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN. This is the tentative title of a musical entertainment on which OTTO HARBACH, HERBERT STOTHART and RUDOLPH FRIML are at work. Miss Ellis could, of course, go on indefinitely singing *Rose-Marie*. There seems to be no doubt in the world that this extraordinary display will remain in town through another season. Yet outside experience has indicated that *Rose-Marie* with almost any prima donna will sound as sweet. Edith Day, for example, is singing it in London. She also wants *The Green Peach*. Since *Rose-Marie* is not reported favorably across the ocean, her claim would seem to be the strongest.



The *Charlot Revue* has lately opened in London with BEATRICE LILLIE and GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. Their concerted rendition of American songs seemed to please the folks back home considerably. Hereabouts their Fall advent with a new edition of the revue is awaited with much interest. It is said that there may be competition from within the walls of London. The Co-Optimists, a tiny group of highly successful entertainers, are reported dickering with CHARLES DILLINGHAM. They also sing, I am told, irreverent ditties about the old mater, Britannia.

It seems to be decided in almost everybody's mind that ARTHUR HOPKINS will feature WANDA LYON next Fall. High faith in her was justified by her performance in the ephemeral *Close Harmony*. The next play for her is still a mystery.

HOPE HAMPTON is still on the trail of a musical show. Since her abrupt disagreement with *Madame Pompadour* she has been wary. Her husband, JULES BRULATOUR, cinema film man, is also wary, particularly of those who wish him to finance a show for Miss Hampton. Most prominently mentioned at present for the picture star is *Maritza*, a Viennese success in the safe at WILMER AND VINCENT'S.

IRENE BORDINI'S opening in London, *Little Miss Bluebeard*, displeased the critics because the star occasionally held up the comedy to sing a song. They have always said that critics were hard-hearted. Heaven help the man, even the London critic, who can't stand the delay when Irene Bordini sings a song! I trust she will have several in *The Cuckoo Clock* next Winter.

ROLLO PETERS will sever next season his association with the ventures of JANE COWL to play a piece by MAXWELL ANDERSON called *Beggars of Life*. This change in the SELWYN batting order would indicate that Miss Cowl will desert her hardy Romeo and Juliet next year and try for a run in a modern piece. One can hardly think of her dying for any other Romeo by Mr. Peters.

Mention of MAXWELL ANDERSON brings to mind the number of entertainments this assiduous co-author of *What Price Glory* has in store for September. First, of course, there is *The Buccaneer*, written with LAURENCE STALLINGS, in which ARTHUR HOPKINS will install WILLIAM FARNUM and ESTELLE WINWOOD. About the same time the Provincetown group will come forth with *Outside Looking In*, based by Mr. Anderson on JIM TULLY'S hobo story. For the same producing unit, Mr. Anderson has written with Mr. Stallings a comedy called *When in Rome*. There are also whispers on the air that a second chapter in the life of Captain Flagg has been sketched by his creators.

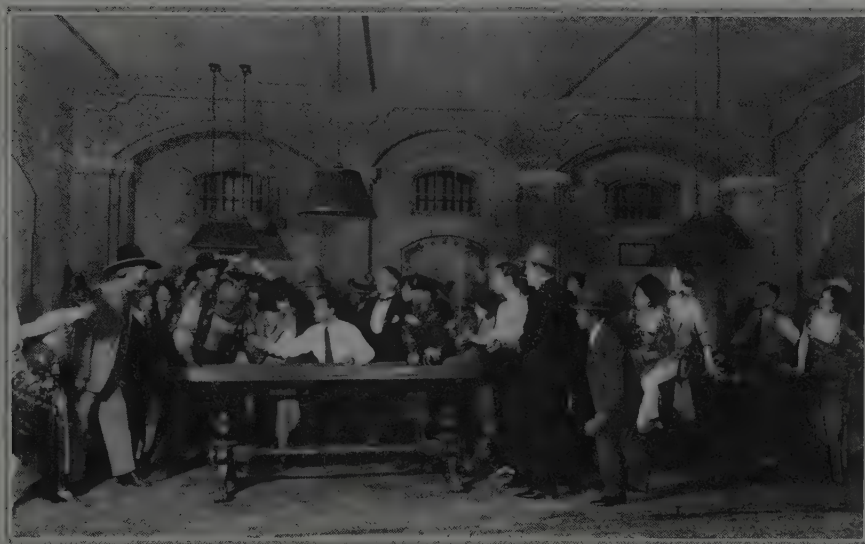
The Actors' Theatre have decided not to give up evening performances entirely in favor of special matinées. In support of this decision, I hear that a German play, some twelve years old, will be one of their evening pieces for next season. It is by LUDWIG THOMA and by name *Moral*.

GILDA GRAY did not build her playhouse. You recall that she required a good many paragraphs of newsprint last season describing an "intimate" auditorium she would construct on the east side of Fifth Avenue. Apparently the sentiment was genuine, but was smothered in gross receipts. This season Miss Gray went out to certain privileged provinces to twist from them some salary. So phenomenal has been her success in Western picture houses that the chance of her return for some months, even next season, is considered slim.

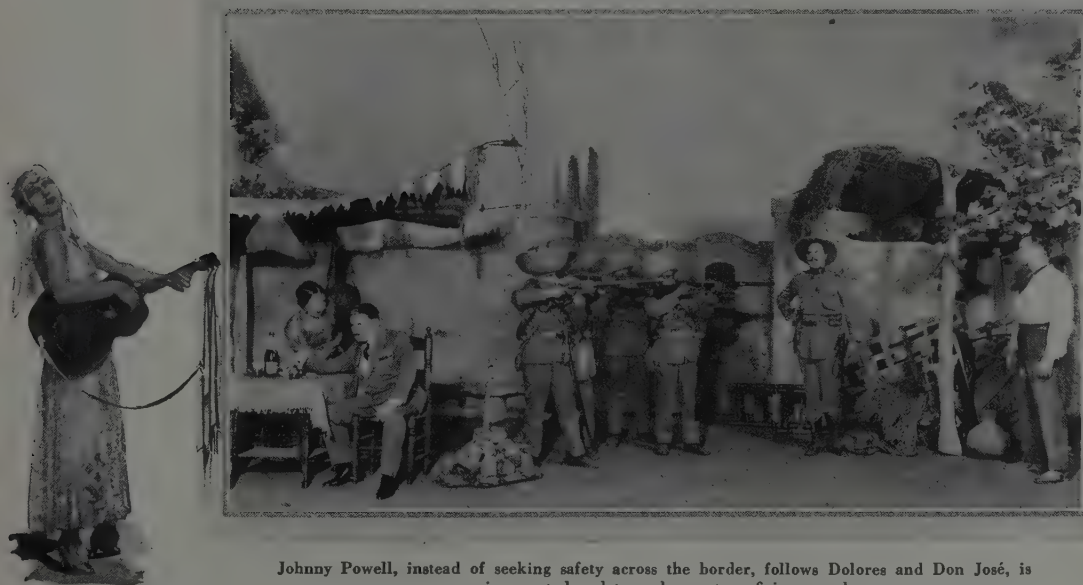
Reports from the Riviera indicate that PHILIP BARRY, author of *You and I* and *The Youngest*, has sat on the balcony of his villa at Cannes and written a comedy of his immediate neighbors. Mr. Barry's sophisticated slant on the invariably amusing subject of Americans abroad should be a genial guest next winter.



In the gay little town of Mexicana a feast is spread. Don José y Tostado (*Holbrook Blinn*), the strutting, swaggering Mexican oil magnate, is entertaining his lady friends



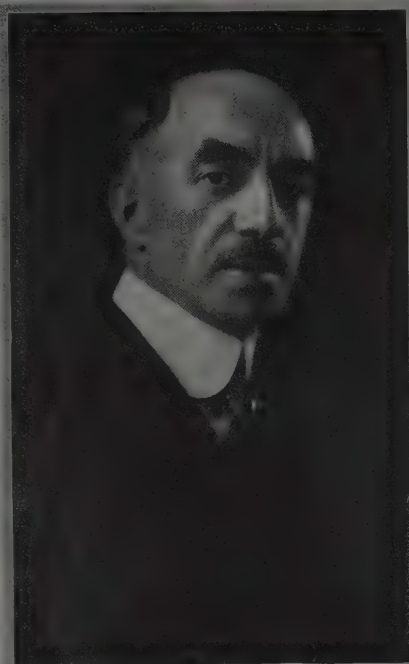
The scene in the gambling-house. Don José, determined not to be thwarted in his lust for Dolores, the singing girl (*Judith Anderson*), arranges a frame-up by which Johnny Powell (*William Harrigan*) shoots a drunken gambler



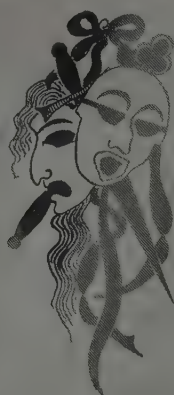
Johnny Powell, instead of seeking safety across the border, follows Dolores and Don José, is again arrested and turned over to a firing squad

## "THE DOVE" THRILLS AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

*Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in a Strong and Powerful Melodrama of the Mexican Border*

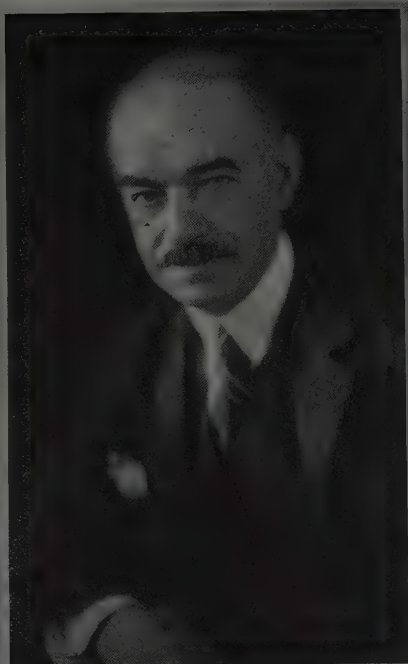


LOUIS MEYER



Murray

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



PAUL MEYER

Strauss-Peyton

PUBLISHERS AND FOUNDERS

OF "THEATRE MAGAZINE"

## American Theatre Honors "Theatre Magazine"

*Remarkable Testimonial Given the Publishers and Editor by the Theatrical Profession*

A REMARKABLE testimonial in the form of a public dinner was given to the Publishers and Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE by the leading members of the theatrical profession on Sunday night, April 26, at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, in celebration of the magazine's twenty-fifth anniversary.

The guests of honor were Louis and Paul Meyer, the Publishers, and Arthur Hornblow, the Editor. The guests numbered over one thousand—Broadway stars, producers, managers, authors, artists, representatives of the various big theatrical organizations, members of the Advertising Club of New York—in brief everyone connected one way or another with stage activities.

The occasion was a memorable one. The event must go down in the annals of magazine publication as an unprecedented and distinctive honor. It was, perhaps, the first time that dramatic artists and general readers have given such a notable testimony of their esteem to a publication and its execu-

tives. Certainly it is the first time that the theatrical profession has turned out *en masse* to do honor to a magazine representing their own craft.

The most distinguished members of the American theatre attended the big Birthday Party in their gayest, happiest mood. Naïve and sophisticated in turn, which is the typical mercurial temperament of our theatre, and everyone connected with it. Broadway stars applauded with delight when the big white-frosted birthday cake, with its twenty-six sparkling candles, was set before the guests of honor, and lolled about in ease while comrades of the profession put on their acts in the *Revue* which followed.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten affair. There was something fittingly dramatic about the scene itself. The grand ballroom, filled with a brilliant gathering, the boxes crowded with beautifully gowned women; the flower-decked banquet table, elevated upon a stage; the general assemblage of dramatic luminaries.

It was a Broadway celebration first to last, a festivity of the theatre, for the THEATRE, by the theatre. Watching the guests file slowly into the brilliantly illuminated ballroom was like reading a roster of stage celebrities. Morris Gest takes his place at the speakers' table. So does Daniel Frohman. Blanche Yurka joins them. So does John Drew, Anita Loos, John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity. Here comes Judith Anderson in a stunning Spanish shawl. Doris Keane, in a gold head-dress, is over at that table with her party of a dozen or more stars. Little Helen Hayes is at a near-by table. That smooth-faced, dark-haired young man is Pedro de Cordoba; the tall ash-blonde is Violet Kemble Cooper. Peggy Wood is over there at Table 8 with her friends. David Belasco and his guests at Table 5. Helen MacKellar is just coming in; so is Bruce McRae. Glenn Anders and his party are at that table well up in front. That's Helen Shipman and her guests at Table 2;



Photo by Drucker and Balles Co.

Testimonial Dinner given to the Publishers and Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE, in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, Sunday evening, April 26, in celebration of the magazine's twenty-fifth birthday. The guests at the publishers' table (left to right) are: John Drew, Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Louis Meyer, Judge the Hon. Victor I. Douling, Theresa Helburn, Arthur Hornblow, Louis Meyer, Blanche Yurka, John Emersé (toastmaster), Albert J. Gibney, Paul Meyer, Anita Loos, Daniel Frohman, Mrs. Paul Meyer, Monsieur Mongendre, Consul General of France, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow

and here are some more well-known Broadwayites arriving: Genevieve Tobin, Ernest Truex, Mary Young, Phyllis Povah, Mary Ellis, Dudley Digges, Martha Bryan Allan. But space forbids giving any more kaleidoscopic views of the noted guests, any detailed mention of every name. Let it suffice that all Broadway was there.

During the dinner a battery of motion-picture men and photographers from the various news services were busy getting the brilliant scene for the screen and for "stills." Radio apparatus was being installed, for the addresses and the *Revue*, called *Twenty-five Years of the Theatre*, which followed the dinner, were broadcast through WGBS.

THE speakers' table looked like a lovely stage setting. It was banked with yellow Spring flowers and surrounded with floral tributes of the occasion. The background drapes were gold and orchid. Here were seated Walter Damrosch, John Drew, Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson, Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Daniel Frohman, Morris Gest, Elizabeth Marbury, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Theresa Helburn, Monsieur Mongendre, Consul-General of France, and Blanche Yurka.

The after-dinner speeches were made by Daniel Frohman, the Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Paul Meyer and John Emerson, toastmaster. The speakers traced the history of THEATRE MAGAZINE through the quarter century of its existence; commented on the dignified, honorable and distinctive position it held in the world of the theatre and of the magazine; how, despite its wise conservatism, it had kept pace with the times; how independent it was of any one theatrical clique; how fair and unbiased its critical judgment; what a good friend it had always been to the actor and his profession. The speakers followed its evolution through the years and stressed its beauty which time could not dim. Its progressiveness, the charm of its pictured and written pages, the general importance and value of a class publication of its particular type were all touched upon.

The cameras clicked; the Radio men adjusted the recording machines; sheafs of congratulatory telegrams from theatrical celebrities were sent into the speakers' table and read aloud. A huge basket of flowers was carried up on the stage, and Albert J. Gibney, representing the Advertising Club of New York, which made the gift to the Publishers and Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE, delivered the presentation address. More telegrams! More speeches! Much gaiety and excitement. And then the white-garbed Waldorf chef made a grand entry with the birthday cake. Blanche Yurka lit the candles, and Mr. Louis and Mr. Paul Meyer and Mr. Arthur Hornblow were prevailed upon to blow out its glittering tapers when they had burned low. Leon Errol, still in make-up, came out upon the stage and jollied the big audience into moving back a bit so that the guests of honor

could move down from the stage for the big show. More pleasant hustle and bustle. Guests gathered together the souvenir menu-programs, replicas of the May Jubilee issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE; tables were swiftly cleared and chairs arranged in tiers as in theatres. The speakers' platform, with its beautiful orchid-and-gold background draperies, was transformed into an ideal stage. A crimson curtain dropped, hiding it for the time being from view. And then the *Revue—Twenty-five Years of the Theatre*—was staged. The numbers in the all-star cast of this delightful *Revue* were reminiscent of the stage during the past quarter of a century—the lifetime of THEATRE MAGAZINE—and was especially appropriate for the occasion. Stars of Yesterday and To-day twinkled through the numbers; gave repeated encores; were delighted at the applause coming from fellow members of their craft.

It was as though the actors, still not satisfied with paying THEATRE MAGAZINE such a signal honor as planning, arranging and giving it a marvelous Jubilee Dinner, must further show their esteem and goodwill by personally doing something to make the affair a certain success. They played their rôles with gusto; gave the audience the very best of their art. First there was a comedy act by Billy B. Van and George Le Maire, *The Way They Made Them Laugh in 1900*, and this was followed by an old-time juggling act by that famous and inimitable comedian, W. C. Fields. Then came the Duncan Sisters, assisted by Myrtle Ferguson, in a bit of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These delightful little stars so charmed the audience with their songs, dances and general capers that they were forced to respond again and again to encores. Marjorie Leet, of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, showed beautifully how they danced in 1900 and in 1925. Cissie Loftus offered some of her incomparable imitations; Miss Jean Tennyson, prima donna, sang some old favorites from *The Prince of Pilsen*, *Firefly* and *High Jinks*.

FROLICSOME Bert and Betty Wheeler demonstrated *The Way They Make Them Laugh in 1925*. Sophie Tucker followed with some rollicking songs of the present day. Edith Wynne Matthison gave a sonorous reading from *Everyman*, in which she appeared years ago, and Sidney Blackmer sang songs from *The Mountaintain Man*.

Time was turned back again when Willie Howard sang *Pretty Mollie Shannon* as he used to sing it from a box to Anna Held in the somewhat dim past. And a sketch by Benjamin Kaye, called *They Didn't Know What They Were Getting*, a clever and amusing travesty on *They Knew What They Wanted*, was presented by Peggy Conway, Francis W. Verdi, Edward Pawley and Arthur Sircom. Charles K. Harris, author of *After the Ball*, sang that American classic, and many others, using colored slides of the words and requesting that the audience join him in the chorus.

Altogether it was a delightful and fitting

*Revue* for the occasion. The stars appeared in costumes of twenty-five years ago and in modern raiment of to-day. Memories turned backward twenty-five years and returned to the present with wonderment at the changes the years had wrought. A sentimental, reminiscent flavor was thus added to the Jubilee festivities. Oscar Lifshy's Orchestra played during the dinner and the *Revue*.

When the brilliant *Revue* ended, it was almost one o'clock. Mr. Paul Meyer, deeply touched by the great tribute paid to THEATRE MAGAZINE, to himself, to his brother, Louis, and his editor by the theatrical profession, now stepped out upon the stage and thanked the multitude of hosts in behalf of the three honor guests.

AS the vast assemblage streamed out of the ballroom, everyone conceded that it had been an ideal Birthday Party—a particularly fitting way in which to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of a magazine of the Theatre.

John Emerson was toastmaster at the dinner and Leon Errol master of ceremonies. Members of the Organizing Committee were Winthrop Ames, Daniel Frohman, John Emerson, Walter Hampden and Theresa Helburn. The members of the Committee of Arrangements were Bela Blau, Albert J. Gibney, Benjamin Kaye and Paul Moss. Horace M. Gardner was stage director of the *Revue* and Stanley Lindahl assistant stage director.

Mr. Benjamin Kaye covered himself with glory, not only as one of the organizers of the dinner but in stage-managing the entertainment and introducing the individual performers.

The General Dinner Committee and the guests of honor included the following:

Martha Bryan Allen, Glenn Anders, Judith Anderson, George Arliss, Adele Astaire, Fred Astaire, Lionel Atwill, Blanche Bates, David Belasco, Richard Bennett, Sidney Blackmer, Holbrook Blinn, Congressman Sol Bloom, Mrs. Bloom and Miss Bloom, William A. Brady, Ruth Chatterton, H. H. Charles, Ina Claire, Pedro de Cordoba, John Craig, Walter Damrosch, Owen Davis, Dudley Digges, Eddie Dowling, Hon. Victor J. Dowling, John Drew, Augustin Duncan, Mary Ellis, Leon Errol, Elsie Ferguson, Lynn Fontanne, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Forbes, Morris Gest, Frank Gillmore, Margalo Gillmore, James K. Hackett, Sam H. Harris, Helen Hayes, Raymond Hitchcock, G. T. Hodges, Arthur Hopkins, Henry Hull, Elsie Janis, S. Jay Kaufman, Doris Keane, Tessa Kosta, Lawrence Langner, Jesse L. Lasky, Marcus Loew, Pauline Lord, Alfred Lunt, Robert B. Mantell, Helen MacKellar, Elizabeth Marbury, Edith Wynne Matthison, Philip Moeller, Bruce McRae, Grant Mitchell, George Jean Nathan, Eugene O'Neill, Phyllis Povah, Frank Presbrey, Stephen Rathbun, Florence Reed, Fritz Scheff, Edgar Selwyn, Helen Shipman, Lee Simonson, Hassard Short, Lee Shubert, Genevieve Tobin, John Ranken

(Continued on page 68).

# T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



This group of interesting sets were designed by Leslie Kiler and executed by students of Gordon Davis' Theatre Workshop Class at Stanford University, California

(Top and bottom) Scenes from *You and I*. (Center) A highly original setting for an original one-act fantasy entitled *Let's Pretend*, written by Scherl Levy, of Prof. Henry David Gray's Class in Dramatic Composition, 1924, Stanford University. Twice during the college year a program of original one-act plays is selected from Professor Gray's class as an encouragement for original dramatic productions





Scenes from *Sister Beatrice*, designed and executed by Kindred McLeary, Wilson McClure and Pat O'Brien, and produced under the direction of Harvey Eagleason, of the Curtain Club of the University of Texas. It was as Director of this same Curtain Club that Stark Young made his first acquaintance with the mechanics of the Theatre

Right: Miss Marion Ball as the Holy Virgin in *Sister Beatrice*



The Curtain Club of the University of Texas produces Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice* with splendid effect





## What Mère Muret Said

By Marion Hertha Clarke

"SEE, Marthé, it is an omen," exclaimed Mère Muret.

And she pointed to little Emilie Renée sitting in a pool of yellow sunshine playing with her pigeons. A butterfly, dazzling white, without a marking to mar its perfection, was poised upon the golden curls.

The old peasant chuckled: "See, the butterfly thinks it is a flower. But yes, it is an omen all the same. Come hither, *ma petite!*"

Little Renée rose and ran to the old woman, the butterfly still entangled in her curls. The old woman loosed its fragile beauty and watched it float happily away.

"It is a good omen, my sweet," she said. "It means gold and ermine and much happiness for thee. Like it, you will sail far away into the distance."

"But I shall come back, Mère Muret, to *maman* and to you," the child protested.



"Perhaps, and then perhaps not! But sing for your old Mère Muret, *mignon*."

Like a golden buttercup swaying on its slender stem, little Renée danced and sang in the sunshine, joyous as the birds about her.

"She will go far, Marthé. It will be farther than you or I can vision. Certainly farther than I can go in these wooden sabots," grumbled Mère Muret.

Thus childhood days for little Emilie Renée slipped away like the beads of her rosary.

And in the little Gascon village they talked much of Renée, as she was known. Particularly of her first communion—how she looked in her white dress exactly like "a golden lily on a silver stem."

"And when she sang! *Ma foi*, the angels spoke to me," related Bruyère, the sabot maker.





SOON the good Curé felt impelled to speak to the parents of Renée.

"Her voice, it is a gift of God, my friends. It must not be neglected. Renée is not for the rough road of peasants. She must leave us for a while at least."

So it was from the sweet-faced White Sisters Renée learned a French that was not the *patois* of her beloved peasants, a poise and all the accomplishments of the gentle bred.

On Renée's eighteenth birthday it happened as Mère Muret had predicted.

The bell of the convent gate jangled loudly and a tall, Vandyked stranger demanded imperiously to see the Mother Superior, to whom he stated his business briefly.

"I wish to see the voice I have just heard, in passing your gates, Madame, unless it is a nightingale you have caged."

The Mother Superior smiled, "But yes, it is a nightingale, our little Emilie Renée. And you, M'sieu—?"

"I am of *L'Opera*. Your Emilie Renée I will make famous, Madame."

So Mère Muret, you were right. As the years passed, the butterfly of promise brought to your little Emilie Renée the ermine and the gold and crowned her years not alone with success but love and a happy marriage as well.

\*\*\*\*\*

One night M'sieu Ben Lévy, a young Frenchman, heard the now famous Madame Lablache sing. He was entranced, spellbound with her loveliness.

He had but just begun to introduce a wonderfully fragrant face powder, a powder pure as the early snowdrop. The heritage of its *odeur* was redolent with the history of many beautiful women.

To Madame Lablache, Ben Lévy sent his powder with the request that he be allowed to dedicate it to her loveliness. To him she replied:

*"M'sieu, a white butterfly has ever been the talisman of my life. Your lovely powder is as soft as the touch of its wings, as fragrant as the flowers it loves. I graciously consent that you shall call it Lablache."*

Thus Lablache Face Powder was named for this darling of society and idol of the world of fashion. Riding the crest of her high favor, Lablache, the Face Powder incomparable, became an insistent choice of beautiful women the world over, a powder of sophisticated subtlety and instinctive refinement.

That was three generations ago, *mes enfants*—three generations ago that your grandmother and mine greeted Lablache, the singer, and welcomed with acclaim Lablache, the Face Powder.

For three generations, without heraldry or fanfare of trumpets, Lablache has remained an unchanged choice of gentlewomen everywhere.

Beautiful women of fashion, of stage and screen, accord it *première place* in "their scheme of things entire."

For nothing can remain favored of a fickle public for three generations except by goodness and merit and desire.

Beautifully presented—purely Parisian in atmosphere and essence and of an *odeur* so subtly different, Lablache ever satisfies one's own personal sense of *finesse*.





ALLENE RAY

*Lablache has a subtle loveliness that is incomparable. I use it constantly because it never offends my skin.*

*Allene Ray.*



VIRGINIA FAIRE

*I am never conscious of a "powdered" feeling when I use Lablache—it's so soft and clings so inconspicuously.*

*Virginia Faire.*



HOPE HAMPTON

*People can hardly believe my lovely complexion is ably aided by Lablache—but it is—face powder and rouge skillfully blended in a blush.*

*Hope Hampton.*



New loose-pact (triple), loose powder, lipstick, rouge. Price \$2.50 in combination box

## The Chosen Confidante of Beautiful Women

WOMEN to whom a powder is more than just a name, whose care is to choose ever the purest and smoothest, have made Lablache Face Powder and Lablache accessories *de toilette* the chosen confidantes of their dressing table.

Particularly to the beautiful women of the stage and screen whose profession demands the utmost in make-up, whose constant, daily use makes it imperative that only the very purest may be used, who must ever guard against injurious ingredients—to them Lablache is a promise of protection and perfection.

For Lablache, in powder and accessories *de toilette*, is as different as substance from its shadow.

—of an *odeur*, half flower—half fairy, rose smooth in texture and of a quality that *clings as unobtrusively as friendship*, Lablache is the powder of refinement and personality. Lablache accessories *de toilette* are *au naturel* always and of the same excellence that has made Lablache Face Powder famous.

These popular stars not only recommend Lablache Face Powder and accessories—they use them as do particular women everywhere.

And Lablache satisfies—*always*.



Combination box containing loose-pact (single) and powder to refill. Price \$1.75



HELEN FERGUSON

*For face powder Lablache is my choice. I know Lablache is invisible because everyone says, "How nice you look today."*

*Helen Ferguson.*



NITA NALDI

*There is nothing so comforting as Lablache when you need just the right face powder for an added touch of loveliness.*

*Nita Naldi.*



Glove Vanity  
Rouge or Powder  
50c

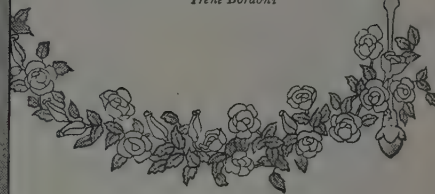


The New Generous  
Dollar Box



IRENE BORDONI

*I have but recently become acquainted with Lablache powder, but its exquisite texture has converted me permanently to its use.*  
Irene Bordoni



**LABLACHE**

*The Face Powder of Quality*

AND

New Requisites for the Toilette  
other than those illustrated

- Powder Compact,  
2½ inches..... \$1.00
- Triple Compact,  
2 inches..... \$1.75
- Loose-pact,  
Double..... \$2.25
- Compound Toilet Powder  
in glass bottle..... 75c
- "After the Bath"  
Powder,  
8-ounce can..... 75c
- Bath Salts..... \$1.00
- Face Tonic..... \$1.00
- Astringent Lotion..... \$1.00
- Day Cream Powder Base. 75c
- Cleansing Cream..... 75c
- Tissue Cream..... \$1.00
- Beauty Cream..... \$1.00
- Compact Refills
- Three-in-one, 2-in. . \$1.00
- Powder only, 2 in. . 50c
- Powder only, 2½ in. 60c

## LABLACHE Face Powder and Toilette

Requisites are not only used by women of good taste everywhere, but they are available wherever fine toilette accessories are sold.

From the little glove compact to the very handsome triple compact and loose pack with lip stick, powder and rouge complete, Lablache accessories are exquisitely presented, daintily feminine and purely Parisian in atmosphere and essence.

Smart—sophisticated—in color-tones for every skin you will find in this fine French powder and Toilette Requisites a quality that ever recommended them to other beautiful women.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

Dept. 53, 125 Kingston St.,

PARIS

BOSTON

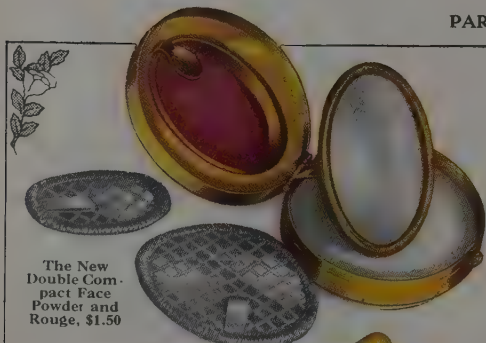
## Your Favorite Artiste

Of the famous stars here shown,  
which one is your favorite?

Write and tell us and we will be pleased to send you a generous sample of her favorite face powder—Lablache—in flesh, white or Creme, as you may wish.

If your own store does not yet have the new Lablache Requisites, enclose stamps, money order or check and we will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache Requisites you desire.

*It clings---unobtrusively as friendship*



The New  
Double Com-  
pact Face  
Powder and  
Rouge, \$1.50

Eye-brow  
Pencil  
35c



Lipstick  
50c



50c  
Size

# LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS

# One of America's Show Places

By ANNE ARCHBALD



MAY we be permitted a truism as a starting point—since after all one must start somewhere—to the effect that we do certain things in America better than anywhere else. . . Just every so often in our peregrinations around the town we discover something that gives rise to this reflection, if so pale a word may cover it.

The new Saks store is the latest of these places to arouse our enthusiasm and be placed under the above heading. We are a bit late, you may think, in getting round to the subject, to be sure, since the new store has been in operation since September. But our enthusiasm is none the less sincere and ardent, if belated.

And when we think how near we came to its being even more belated, how we might have gone on indefinitely, knowing no more of Saks than its first floor had we not run into the Alfred Lunts on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-ninth Street, and had not Mrs. Lunt—she that is Lynn Fontanne—linked her arm in ours, pulling us along and saying, "Come shopping with the two of us!" . . . And you too, gentle reader, might remain similarly unenlightened were we not now beneficently to link our arm in yours and take you along on this little shopping tour with the three of us.

The Lunts were hunting sport clothes, and Saks drew them particularly, since they had learned that Mr. Lunt could buy there in one department, Lynn Fontanne assisting, and then they could go round the corner into another department and Lynn Fontanne could buy, Mr. Lunt assisting. . . They like to pass upon each other's costume and supervise the choosing of the details, not only because each has a regard and concern for the other's appearance as an individual, but because as they go round together so inseparably, the *ensemble à deux* must harmonize.

WE went first, therefore, above where the women's sports department held forth, and where Miss Fontanne was to select sweaters and hats and riding clothes and so on. They are all shown on the next two pages, with their descriptive captions,

and we are not going to double up here with repetitions about them. . . But we might say that Miss Fontanne was completely surprised at the scope and variety of this department and so were we. . .

"Someone told me it was good," said Miss Fontanne; "that's why I came, but I had no idea it was as interesting as this, . . . as complete and smart as any place in town, isn't it?"

We were in entire agreement. . .

SUCH a love of a hat in French blue felt as we picked up! Such an one as Miss Fontanne chose in white! Which she proceeded at once to make twice as charming by putting it on and turning the brim in an individual fashion to suit her lovely face, Mr. Lunt and ourself applauding. . . You may see how on the following page. . . That is, we mean you may see the hat, not the applause. . . You may see as well the sport things that Mr. Lunt wears, whose selection followed that of Miss Fontanne's, and we won't go into that either.

She herself was in black and white at the time, black boyish *tailleur*; silver-ornamented, white felt *cloche*; white-frilled *crêpe de Chine blouse*.

"All smart blouses must have frills at the moment," remarked Miss Fontanne, and felt she couldn't wait longer to add others to her wardrobe. We hunted out the blouse counter then, and while Miss Fontanne pondered whether to have single or double frills, Mr. Lunt and I hovered in the offing.

Thereupon "came" a high official of Saks, recognized Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt and suggested:

"If you have finished your shopping and have time, I should be so glad to show you over our whole store."

The shopping was practically finished, there was time, . . . and that's how we came to know about Saks. . .

Such a vast place as it is! Everything on the grand scale and yet the atmosphere never cold. One has no lost or homeless feeling in it, even in the trunk department, where we saw more trunks assembled together than we have ever seen anywhere at any time, steamship piers not excepted.

The shoe department, too, is an extensive area, and incidentally has made a reputation with its shoes and done a howling business from the opening day. Ditto the hats. . . They begin at one end near the elevators (What floor? We can't remember. Ask the starter, he knows!), with the inexpensive hats; they stretch out towards the front of the store, with the slightly more expensive styles, and finally wind up with the French models.

Miss Fontanne commented after a review of this department that it possessed an unusual quality, . . . the hats didn't look like what she might call "department-store hats." . . . And with one other exception

in town, all department-store hats had always looked alike to her, . . . rather banal and commonplace. Here at Saks they were chic, unusual-looking, as if they had crowns—crowns being one of the tests of a hat—that needed only slight adaptations to fit the head.

In the room of the French models, Miss Fontanne and I found two things that particularly enchanted us. The first was an evening head-dress in the form of a cap, a copy of which, we were told, Pola Negri had had made before she went abroad. The cap was of tulle with a wide band on the shape, though modified, of the traditional Russian head-dress, and this band was thickly hand-embroidered in pearls. It was an exquisite little affair, and we could imagine how lovely the dark Pola, or any other dark beauty, would look in it.

The second thing that took our fancy was a white woolly "under-arm" dog, crouched on guard below the tulle and pearl cap, which the smart women have been carrying on the Riviera this Spring. It was a cross between a *Dachshund* and a *Pekinese*, made of long, thick strands of white yarn and cocked a piquant green glass eye.

So much for the hats. . .

WE wish that our limited space would permit us to tell of the marvelous bag counter on the first floor, where Miss Fontanne purchased an indescribably smart envelope purse, and where one might find everything from the new "zippers" to bags elaborately beaded or *petit point-ed*, . . . of the artificial flower counter, with women crowding against its vitrines, . . . where one can buy the smartest "buttonholes," large, single carnations and gardenias and roses, or the bouquets of small flowers that are even more popular at the moment, . . . of the French candy counter, conveniently situated near either Fifth Avenue door, so that any gentleman wishing to make his lady-love a gift can do a quick dash in from the street, . . . of this, and that, and everything. . . But printers, *mes enfants*, are inexorable. Go thou to the new Saks and see it all for thyself!



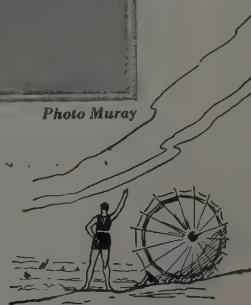
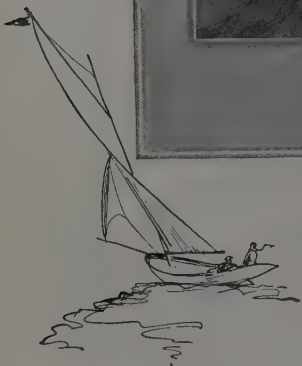
# F A S H I O N

AS INTRODUCED BY THE MEN  
AND WOMEN OF THE STAGE



Photo Muray

When Miss Lynn Fontanne goes a-swimming, it will be in the smartest of printed silk bathing suits, while Mr. Alfred Lunt breasts the waves in his Jacquard shirt and plain trunks





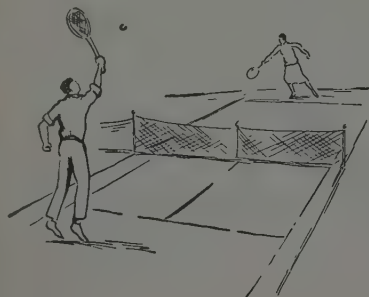
Miss Fontanne has chosen for tennis a two-piece costume of a light-weight cloth, "Drury Lane," and wears her eye-shade "à la Lenglen," while Mr. Lunt's flannel trousers are of an intriguing tone called "biscuit," which, sad to relate, does not show in the picture

The perfect accord existing between Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt manifests itself in the similar outfit each chooses for yachting—turtle neck sweater and blue flannel coat



Evidently Miss Fontanne has just made an excellent shot, but perhaps it is her smart and becoming matching sweater and hose that made her smile, or Mr. Lunt's tweed golfing suit with wind-breaker jacket

Sports clothes  
from Saks & Co.,  
Fifth Avenue



Photos Muray

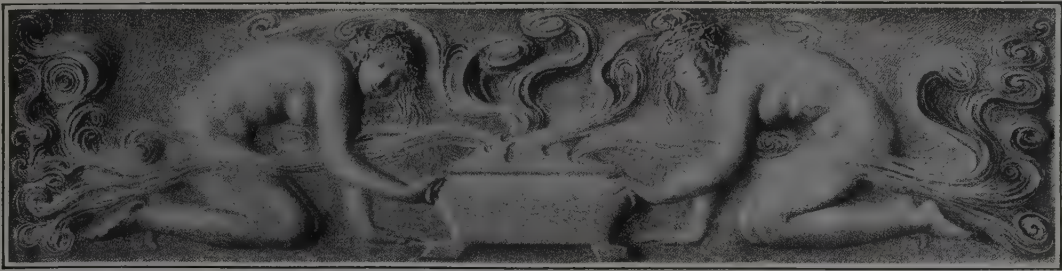


A delightful bathing suit from Lord & Taylor, made of "Princess Satin" in Chinese poppy design. It has a circular flounce with two inverted plaits and can be had in royal blue and shades of red

"Kaigan" sounds Japanese, but really is an American novelty made by the Kleinert Company, which will be popular at all the exclusive beaches this summer. The coat, hat and bag are made of bright-colored rubber and trimmed with striped linen. The bag, when not used to carry accessories, can be blown up to make a comfortable pillow



Photos Richard Burke



# LES POUDRES DE COTY

*The creations of COTY are designed to give a more distinctive individuality to each woman, defining the beauty of her own colouring with the one correct shade of powder — accenting the charm of her own personality in an expressive fragrance — and surrounding her with an effect of delicate, luxurious loveliness.*

PARIS — JACINTHE — CHYPRE  
L'ORIGAN — JASMIN — EMERAUDE  
ROSE JACQUEMINOT  
AMBRE ANTIQUE  
STYX — L'OR



TALCUM POWDER — FACE POWDER  
COMPACTE

COTY LIPSTICK — Capucine — Lilien — Rose Pale — Cerise — Invisible

Address "Dept. T.M.-6"  
PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU  
For guidance in choosing the expressive  
Perfume Odeur and correct Face Powder  
shade to intensify individuality —

**COTY** INC.  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

**L.P. HOLLANDER COMPANY**

*Smart New Costumes  
for all occasions of  
Town and Country wear.*

*A wide range of models  
colorings, materials  
and prices.*

*Gowns*

*Millinery*

*Suits*

*Coats*

*Evening Wraps*

*Misses Dresses*

*Young Girls' Costumes*

*Tea Gowns*

*Lingerie*

*Infants Outfits*

*All Accessories for Ladies Apparel*

**NEW YORK**  
552 Fifth Avenue

**BOSTON**  
Boylston Street and Park Square

## THE PLAYWRITING MIRAGE

(Continued from page 9)

duction. I recall also the case of the late Anson Pond, who wrote *Her Atonement* and hung about the theatres for the rest of his life.

The number of one-play dramatists turned out by the various collegiate courses in playwriting is large in comparison with that of the really successful authors who owe their knowledge of the craft to the same source. It is of course impossible to discover exactly how much or how little a professor of "technique" can impart to his pupils, but I am quite certain that the sophomore mind offers but a barren soil for the germinating of the seeds of dramatic knowledge. As for literary skill, it is a handicap rather than an advantage, for its possessor has trained himself to consider the nice use of words rather than the effect of action. The fact is that, although French men of letters are quite apt to write plays, scarcely one of our successful dramatists could be termed a literary man. A playwright whom I knew well and who was also a man of superior cultivation said to me once: "The last man in the world to write a play is the author of good books. I should think a watchmaker ought to make a good dramatist," he added as he drew his watch from his pocket. "Look at those wheels, all going round with the same purpose in view. There is not one that could be dispensed with, nor is there room for another. Those are the characters in the drama of telling us the correct time."

The education of the dramatist should be that of life rather than of books. I cannot conceive of a real dramatist who has not known what it was to be broke and turned down by his girl at the same time. Such an experience is of far greater value than the most exhaustive study of the works of Euripides, though thoughtful consideration of the Greek dramas may be taken by one familiar with the teachings of life as a post-graduate course.

### IS PLAYWRITING A PROFESSION?

IT is often said by those who favor dramas of the highest type that there is no reason why playwriting should not be classed with other professions and taught as effectively as are law and medicine. But the practice of law rests on the solid foundation of the Constitution and that of medicine or surgery on the immutable laws which govern the human body, whereas the writing of dramas has no foundation save the ever-shifting quicksand of public taste. Moreover, when the dramatist has completed a play and sold it to a manager, he finds himself at the mercy of the producer, who invariably demands many changes in his

text and of the players who may or may not prove capable of interpreting his ideas. He has still to learn the truth of the saying, common enough along Broadway, that "plays are written at rehearsal nowadays."

In estimating the profits of playwriting, we must depend on guesswork rather than on actual figures, but I have ascertained from the best authorities available that the gross amount of royalties paid each year to American dramatists is between seven and eight million dollars, from which must be deducted the sums shared with foreign authors by the adapters who call themselves American dramatists, and with the authors of dramatized novels, not to mention various agents, stage managers and others who claim their pound of flesh. I happen to know that in the case of one of the most successful of recent plays no less than six persons shared in the results.

### DIVIDING ROYALTIES

AND if estimating the gross amount of American royalties be a difficult matter, how much more difficult is the guessing at the number of persons among whom those royalties must be divided! The dramatist who can be credited with half a dozen successful plays is a rare bird, while the great army of one-play writers increases week by week under the stimulus of the wide-spread notion that no more profitable occupation can be found. Those who read what I have written need only ascertain how many of their personal friends and acquaintances are engaged in playwriting and how few of them have had even a single production to realize on the amount of time, labor and, in many cases, talent expended each year in this hazardous work. Even if we omit from our estimate those whose work is entirely futile, there will remain a surprisingly large number who share in the gross amount. A few there are who have earned and are still earning very large sums, but none who makes nearly as much as the leaders at the bar and in medicine.

And, if we take into account not only the real dramatists and those who each year break into the overcrowded calling with a first and only play, but also those who may be estimated by the hundreds of thousands who devote their time to futile effort, we must reach the conclusion that the average earnings of the lot do not exceed twelve dollars a year. Knowing this, it makes me heartsick to hear a downy-cheeked youth declare confidently that he has decided to become a playwright and that Belasco is reading one of his dramas now.



The Mystery  
of Flowers



# Mystikum

## PARFUM

To heighten the elusive charm of woman, twenty-eight different flowers give their subtle fragrance to the creation of Mystikum - Europe's Premier Perfume. *At the Better Stores*

SCHERK IMPORTING COMPANY

*Exclusive North American Agents*

56 WEST 45th ST. NEW YORK  
CANADA 170 MCGILL ST. MONTREAL



# Pleasure Seekers the Nation Over



## Find Beauty and Comfort



in  
American Seating  
Company  
Theatre Chairs

## THE NEW NOTE IN ITALY'S THEATRE

(Continued from page 20)

a permanent place both on the boards and in stage literature. Wherever it has been acted (and, so far, I believe it has not been produced outside of Italy), it has made a profound impression. It has the dignity and lure of noble tragedy. A simple theme, which has been handled by a poet of high gifts. There are no wasted words and there is no obscurity either in the plot or in the molding of *Il Belfardo*.

Berrini's verse is clear as crystal, strong as bronze and musical. It would be easy for a man who knew Italian well to translate it into Shakespearean English, without losing one jot or tittle of its beauty.

The "jester" in the case is a young poet, Cecco, said to have been drawn from a youth who was, in a small way maybe, an emulator once well known to Dante. As a background we have Sienna, with its massive walls and towers, its primitive passions and its unfeeling charm. The plot tells of the hate which Cecco's mother, the disloyal wife of a miserly old Florentine, Messer Angiolero Angioleri, bears her son. This mother, Lisa, has had a daughter, Fioretta, by her paramour, Mino Zeppa, who is Angioleri's steward. On Fioretta, a pure, lovely girl, she has squandered the love which Cecco has vainly tried to win from her. With Mino Zeppa, Lisa is plotting the exclusion of her son from his ancestral home. Cecco, whose unhappiness has transformed him into a rebel against his parents, is a reckless and ironic youth, yearning for the affection that has been denied him and bent on avenging himself—not on his mother, but on her paramour, who has robbed his master not only of his wife but also of what money he has been able to lay his hands on in the exercise of his stewardship. The plot of *Il Belfardo* abounds in contrasts—the contrast, for instance, between Lisa, with her dark, cruel cunning, and the innocent Fioretta (who is known only at first as the daughter of Mino Zeppa) and that between the rebellious Cecco and his old sordid father. All the falseness, all the guile of the Italian Middle Ages are suggested in the character of the steward.

In the third of the four acts Cecco lays traps for Mino Zeppa and his mother. He is not supposed to know that Fioretta is his own half-sister, and when, pretending to be in love with her, he abducts that pretty child (meaning, however, no harm to her), a situation of disturbing tenseness is created. Lisa, in anguish, entreats Cecco to restore Fioretta, but does not at first dare to reveal her relationship to the girl. The son's mental attitude towards Lisa reminds one closely of that of Hamlet towards Queen Ger-

trude. One of the most effective episodes in the play comes when the mother implores Cecco to spare Fioretta, and, in answer to his reproaches, explains that she has long hated him because he is the fruit of an unwilling marriage with a detested father. Poetically, perhaps the most splendid passage in a play which delights one time and again by its poetry, is Cecco's despairing outburst in the second act. Some faint idea of the original may be derived from this translation:

CECCO

Were I a flame, I would consume the world.  
Were I the wind, I'd wreck the world with storms.  
Were I the waves, I'd swamp it ruthlessly.  
Were I a God, I'd send it down to Hell.  
Were I a Pope, I'd cause all Christian souls  
To suffer and to weep while I rejoiced.  
Were I an Emperor, what would I do?  
I'd see that all should lose their wretched heads.

There are many almost equally fine episodes in *Il Belfardo* which, purely as literature, seem to me more beautiful (as it is surely more dramatic) than the most popular work of either d'Annunzio or Sem Benelli.

From Lisa's appeal to Cecco the plot hurries on—logically and remorselessly—to the dénouement. The "jester" wrings a confession from his guilty mother and at last denounces the steward to Messer Angioleri, who makes short work of him in the Italian way. It is worth noting, too, as an evidence of the truthfulness with which Berrini analyzes and builds up his characters, that Angioleri kills Mino Zeppa, partly for having dishonored him as a husband, but largely to get even with him for having cheated him of his money.

Cecco, in the last act, takes mercy on his mother and restores Fioretta to her.

As I have already hinted, there is one disconcerting danger-point in the play which may militate against its chances of being produced by any New York manager. I refer to the relationship between Cecco and his half-sister, which, in the third act causes ambiguous complications. The audience knows that the "jester" is not in love with Fioretta when he abducts her. The mother and her lover at first do not know. A good adapter might with care get around the difficulty, without betraying Berrini. But it would take much tact and thought to get things right. For Americans are, as a rule, more squeamish than most Latins.

Yes, even now, after *The God of Vengeance* and *Desire Under the Elms*, both of which have been stomachached here by tens of thousands.

By comparison with either of those efforts, I protest that *Il Belfardo* and the most unpleasant of the Bracco comedies are clean and sweet.



## The Biltmore

NEW YORK

*Get off the train and  
turn to the right*



# Bowman Biltmore HOTELS

### *Affiliated Hotels*

Hotel Belmont  
NEW YORK  
Murray Hill Hotel  
NEW YORK  
Hotel Ansonia  
NEW YORK  
Providence-Biltmore  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Los Angeles Biltmore  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
Atlanta Biltmore  
ATLANTA, GA.  
Sevilla Biltmore  
HAVANA, CUBA  
The Griswold  
NEW LONDON, CONN.  
The Belleview  
BELLEAIR, FLA.

JOHN McENTEE BOWMAN  
*President*

THE BILTMORE and the Hotel Commodore adjoin and have direct indoor connections with Grand Central Terminal. No taxicab or baggage transfer. The traveler arriving at the great terminal can step right into his hotel without even the necessity of going outdoors.

In supreme facilities for the perfect entertainment of many guests, and in sincere and unusual personal service to the individual, *all* the Bowman Hotels are magnificent examples of what twentieth century hotel genius can accomplish.

Accommodations at any of the Bowman Hotels may be reserved at any one of the group.

## Hotel Commodore

NEW YORK

*Get off the train and  
turn to the left*



No Hooks-No Eyes-No Elastic-No Bones



Snuggleband—Trade Mark—Pat. Reg. U. S. and Canada

# The Snuggleband

COOLNESS and comfort, the two first essentials of dress in summer, are both served by the Snuggleband-brassière combination.

Worn next to the skin, the Snuggleband feels rich and smooth, for it is made of luxurious satin, without bones or constricting elastic. The Snuggleband adjusts easily—it "wraps" across the back, buttoning in the middle and on either side, six buttons in all, and no hooks or eyes.

With the Snuggleband one wears the Bromley straight-line brassière of firm glove silk, which buttons on to the Snuggleband in front, back and both sides, making a two-in-one garment which is soft, cool and comfortable, and takes the place of vest, girdle and brassière.

Or one may wear with the Snuggleband the Panty-brassière of glove silk, sketched on the left.



## The Snuggleband-ensemble

For the slim, youthful figure, the new Snuggleband-ensemble is ideal—a four-in-one garment, taking the place of vest, brassière, girdle and step-in. It is made entirely of glove silk and has garters attached—thus combining all the essentials in a single garment.

BROMLEY-SHEPARD, INC.

64 Paige Street

Lowell, Mass.

In flesh or white—Snuggleband, in satin, \$12; in imported English mercerized broadcloth, \$9; brassière, \$4; Panty-brassière, \$12; Snuggleband-ensemble, \$13.50.

Sold by discriminating dealers everywhere, but if your favorite shop cannot supply you, write us direct, sending bust and low waist measures.

## DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

(Continued from page 28)

the best we kin. We got t' wait. Somethin's bound t' happen.

EBEN: I'm goin' out. I can't b'ar it, with the fiddle playin' an' the laughin'.

Outside Eben runs into his father, who has also stepped out for a breath of air. They fall into an argument over the eternal subject of the farm.

CABOT: God A'mighty! If ye wan't a born donkey, ye'd know ye'll never own stick nor stone on it, 'specially now arter him bein' born. It's his'n, I tell ye—his'n arter I die—but I'll live a hundred jest t' fool ye all. Ye think y<sup>e</sup> kin get 'round that someways, do ye? Waal, ye won't git aroun' Abbie—she knows yer tricks. She was afeared o' ye. She told me ye was sneakin' 'round tryin' t' make love t' her t' git her on yer side. Ye mad fool, ye!

EBEN: Ye lie, ye old skunk! Abbie never said no sech thing!

CABOT: She did. I was goin' t' lick ye, an' she says who'll ye git t' help on the farm—an' then she says, Yew 'n me ought t' have a son. I know we kin, she says. An' I says, If we do, ye kin have anythin' I've got ye've a mind to. An' she says, I wants Eben cut off, so's this farm 'll be mine when ye die! . . . An' that's what's happened. The farm's her'n an' the dust o' the road's your'n!

Eben springs at the other in a mad fury. The latter's concentrated strength soon becomes too much for him, however: Abbie rushes out and separates them.

ABBIE (pleading): Eben, listen—ye must listen. It was long ago—afore we done nothin'. Yew was scornin' me—goin' to see Min—when I was lovin' ye—an' I said it t' him t' git vengeance on ye!

EBEN (not seeming to hear her): I'll git squar' with the old skunk—an' yew. I'll tell him the truth 'bout the son he's so proud of. Then I'll leave ye here t' pizen each other—with Maw comin' out o' her grave at nights—an' I'll go t' the gold fields o' California.

ABBIE: Ye won't leave me? Ye can't! He's yewr son, too, Eben.

EBEN (tortured): I wish he never was born. I wish he'd die this minute. It's him—yewr havin' him—a-purpore t' steal, that changed everythin'.

ABBIE (with a dreadful cold intensity): If that's what his comin's done t' me—killin' yewr love—takin' ye away—my on'y joy—the on'y joy I ever knowed—like heaven t' me—purrier 'n heaven—then I hate him, too, even if I be his Maw.

THE guests have departed; it is the gray dusk of early morning. Eben is still sitting in the kitchen, staring dully before him. Steps sound on the stairs, and Abbie, pale and shaken, comes slowly into the room.

ABBIE: I done it, Eben! I told ye I'd do it! I've proved I love ye better 'n everythin'—so's ye can't never doubt me no more! . . . They's no cause

fur ye t' go now. It's all the same 's it was—they's nothin' b'tween us now—arter what I done.

EBEN (startled): Ye look mad, Abbie. What did ye do?

ABBIE: I—I killed him, Eben.

EBEN (amazed): Ye killed him?

ABBIE (dully): Ay—eh.

EBEN (recovering, savagely): An' serve him right. But we got t' do somethin' quick t' make it look 's if the old skunk killed himself when he was drunk.

ABBIE (wildly): No! No! Not him! (Laughingly distractedly): But that's what I ought t' done, hain't it? I oughter killed him instead!

EBEN (appalled): Instead? What d'ye mean? Not—not that baby!

ABBIE (dully): Ay—eh.

EBEN (falls to his knees as if struck, his voice trembling with horror): Oh, God A'mighty! A'mighty God! Maw, whar was ye? Why didn't ye stop her?

ABBIE (piteously, sinking to her knees): Eben, don't look at me like that—hatin' me—not arter what I done fur ye—fur us—so's we could be happy agen.

EBEN (furiously): Shut up or I'll kill ye! I see yer game now—the same old sneakin' trick. Ye're aimin' t' blame me fur the murder ye done.

Throwing her from him, Eben rushes off to get the sheriff. Abbie falls in a dead faint. Ephraim wakes and comes down-stairs. Abbie tells him the whole truth. The old patriarch is stunned—broken—helpless. Soon Eben returns and they dumbly await the sheriff's arrival. At length Ephraim rises and goes to the panel in the floor. He still has something left—money to take him away—to California—to join Simeon and Peter. He discovers his loss and listens apathetically to Eben's calm explanation of it.

CABOT: I calc'late God give it to 'em—not yew, Eben. God's hard, not easy! Mebbe they's easy gold in the West, but it hain't God's gold. It hain't fur me. I kin hear His voice warnin' me agen t' be hard an stay on my farm. I kin see His hand usin' Eben t' steal t' keep me from weakness. I kin feel I be in the palm o' His hand, His fingers guidin' me. (A pause.) It's a-goin' t' be lonesomer now than ever it war afore—an' I'm gittin' old, Lord—ripe on the bough.

The sheriff and his deputies arrive and march Abbie and Eben out.

EBEN: I lied this mornin', Jim. I helped her do it. Ye kin take me, too. ABBIE (brokenly): No!

CABOT: Take 'em both. (Stares at Eben with a trace of grudging admiration): Purty good, fur yew! Waal, I got t' round up the stock. Good-by.

EBEN: Good-by.

ABBIE: Good-by.

EBEN (taking Abbie's hand): Come. Sun's a-risin'. Purty, hain't it?

ABBIE: Ay—eh.

CURTAIN



After golfing or tennis, the first thing I turn to is my bottle of Orchidew. It counteracts any effect from the sun's rays and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

William Collier.

I have found no preparation that combines so many qualities of cleaning, healing and softening as Orchidew. I use it after any day of sport, to remove sun or windburn.

Julia Sanderson.

# ORCHIDEW

## CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

### *It soothes as it cleans!*

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—invigorates the skin. A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful. It refreshes on sticky, sultry days—and takes the sting out of sunburn.

For Traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton, or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, one-third larger than the illustration, is \$1.50 the bottle. At present it can be purchased only by mail. Write direct to—Orchidew Corporation, 2 West 45th Street, New York.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION,  
2 West 45th Street, New York.

Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.  
I enclose \$1.50.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
CITY.....

There are lotions galore for cleansing and soothing the skin, after exposure to sunburn and windburn, but at last I have found the one perfect lotion in Orchidew. I use it religiously.

Blanche Yurka.

One of the most delightful preparations I have ever used is the new Orchidew. It is so cleansing, healing and soothing to the skin. I keep it on my dressing table both at the theatre and at home.

Gilda Gray

After shaving, or exposure to sun or wind, I find Orchidew the best healing and cleansing agent I have ever used.

Leon Rothier.

The basis of any lovely complexion is nothing more or less than perfect cleanliness. For this I have found no preparation so good as the new Orchidew. It permeates the pores of the skin in a truly marvelous fashion and draws out every clogging bit of grease or grime.

Hazel Dawn.



*The Village of Cockington, near Torquay*

## ***The Witchery of Cornwall and Glorious Devon***

**N**O portion of England will better repay a visit by travellers from overseas so much as the Cornish Riviera and the neighbouring shire of Devon.

The beauty and variety of the scenery of this western section of Great Britain are as remarkable as the richness of its historic associations, which go back to times even more remote than those in which the Phœnicians came from Carthage to Cornwall in quest of tin.

It is the land of Celtic crosses and holy wells, full of legends and memorials of an historic past.

Awe-inspiring and precipitous cliffs characterize its seaboard. Miles upon miles of coast drives, dotted with charming resorts, afford most enjoyable excursions.

There is an abundance of good hotel accommodation at moderate prices, while the motor-car services maintained by the Great Western Railway Co. help the visitor to explore a great deal of this fascinating country-side without fatigue and with small expense.

*For particulars and illustrated booklets apply to*

**R. F. LEA, General Agent**

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.**  
(1835-1925)

**315, Fifth Avenue, New York and**

**37, Adelaide Street East, Toronto**

*Booklets may also be obtained from the Travel Department of this Magazine.*

## **TWO INNOCENTS ON BROADWAY**

*(Continued from page 22)*

She flung back her head. Her strong jaw, so strong that it recalled the hymnal line, "So firm a foundation," was outthrust beneath her flashing, generous smile.

"Without an honor," she declared. "I just managed to slip by. But they allowed me to come back to coach the students in their plays, which I did for two years. While I was in that work, Theresa Helburn, now of the Theatre Guild, supervised the production of a play. She remembered me, and when Edward Goodman came up, representing the Washington Square Players, of which he was director, to advise us in planning other play productions, she suggested me to Mr. Goodman as a member of this organization. I did not realize the complimentary nature of the offer. She has told me since that I was the only one whom she ever suggested as a member of the company.

"My début was staggering on the stage and crying, 'My son! My son!' in the Japanese play, *Bushido*, in which José Ruben gave a distinguished performance. I was with the Washington Square Players for a year and a half, playing small parts. Then I joined Jessie Bonstelle's stock company. Through her I went to London to play Joe in *Little Women*. A woman artist who lived in the same lodging-house with Alan Pollock in London told him I was the one to play Sydney in *A Bill of Divorcement*. He asked the New York agents to find me, which they did, wearing a red dress, smoking cigarettes incessantly and doing nothing else in *Nice People*.

### **HER "SEVEREST CRITIC"**

"**M**R. MCCLINTIC and I were married that summer. I feel that his advice and counsel have been invaluable. I do not believe that I would have done anything worth comment but for him."

My reminder that critics have said that she is a new risen, leading intellect among the younger actresses, was greeted by a youthful, wholly irreverent "Pooh! I'm not intellectual, am I?" addressed to her husband.

Mr. McClintic leaned thoughtfully forward in his easy chair. "By intellect we mean—what?" he mused. "If we answer scholarship, you are not, my dear."

I mentioned a manager who said he would not engage a girl that had been graduated from college. He said that she would not be successful because all the spontaneous feeling had been educated out of her.

"I agree with him," answered Miss Cornell with the force she gives to her lines in a climax on the stage. "It is easily possible to know too many things. Our minds may be crammed with so many non-essentials that spontaneity is crippled or destroyed. I think I may claim to be intelligent. To be capable of—"

She paused, searching for the phrase to clothe the thought.

"Of emotional thinking," prompted her husband.

"Thank you. That is it. I get a part without deliberately analytic effort. But when I feel that I know the character, I can go back and tell how, step by step, I reached my conclusions."

### **FROM SYDNEY TO IRIS**

**M**ISS CORNELL reviewed the parts she has played since Broadway recognized her as a new force in the theatre. "Sydney," the daughter of the gentle graduate of a lunatic asylum in *A Bill of Divorcement*, she said was "a sturdy soldier." She thought of her as rebuilding the broken home.

Mary Fitten had been so many kinds of woman and had so many moods that her impression of her was blurred. The definite chance for acting afforded was in her last scene in *Will Shakespeare*, a play in which she had infinite faith. The heroine who sacrificed herself to one man for love of another in *The Way Things Happen* was her most exacting rôle. The plain girl who was beautiful in the eyes of her lover in *The Enchanted Cottage* she loved. She would have liked to play her without make-up, the only change in the unhappy pair being their own thoughts of themselves.

That was a fine girl, the rich cripple who gave her life into the hands of the alleged charlatan in *The Outsider*. Suzanne of *Tiger Cats* was the most horrible woman she had ever known. The critic who didn't like her in it had the right to dislike her interpretation, but their difference was one of conception of the part. "She was not a primitive, emotional woman. She was a neurotic woman, who loved power over her husband and others and with whom sex was simply an instrument in the exercise of that power."

Candida she conceived as wholly maternal. Of the character of Iris in *The Green Hat* she had as yet only scraped the surface. She was just beginning to feel her dimly. It was her habit to get a first impression of a character, another and deeper one, and successively deeper ones until she believed she had grasped the character in its entirety. Studying a part was with her as like the slow, gradual process of the dawn. She was still in the night about Iris.

Was Iris such a character as the Tiger Cat? No. Miss Cornell was not at all sure what she was. She would not know for weeks of study. But a tiger cat she knew she was not.

The neighborhood has sounded its warning and Mr. McClintic conducted me to it.

Miss Cornell waved a speeding hand from the door. She said, referring to the interview, "I loved it."

So did I.

# LONDON'S

Leading — Ladies'

Hairdressers

(40 Private Salons Staffed by Experts)  
Fixed Prices



"UTIMA"

(A fascinating transformation)

Depts. for  
Permanent Waving,  
Hair-Tinting, Manicure  
(New Method), Etc.

**EMILE**

24 & 25 Conduit St.  
LONDON, W

Call up Mayfair 6263 (3 lines) for an  
appointment at your Hotel or at the Salons

EMILE, Ltd., LONDON and PARIS



The distinguishing feature of the  
KNOX "Comfit" straw hat is the extra  
rows of flexible braid next the crown  
—not to mention *the KNOX label*

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Knox "Comfit" has the unique feature of  
conforming to the exact shape of every head.



Reproduction of Mural Decoration in our Chicago Store

*Maillard*  
Confections

Luncheon  
— Tea —

NEW YORK  
Madison Avenue  
at 47th Street  
CHICAGO  
Michigan at Jackson

White Kid, Sayer DELMAN  
is the Mode for Summer!




DELMAN  
Oxford

DELMAN SHOE SALON  
558 Madison Avenue Bet. 55th and 56th  
New York

## AMERICAN PLAYERS IN LONDON

(Continued from page 24)

**Majestic Hotel**  
and  
**RESTAURANTS**



JUST outside the din and roar of city traffic, yet within quick reach of shops and theatres—That's the rare charm of the "House of Contentment." Here you enjoy the fascinating brilliance of smart company in peerless surroundings.

Attractive brochure No. 4-B on request

*Opeland Townsend*

2 West 72nd St., New York  
Entire block fronting  
Central Park  
Tel. Endicott 1900

*Love in a Nunnery*, which, apart from an archeological interest, successfully demonstrated the futility of exhuming Dryden. My "Independent Players" presented Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*, with Ibsen's granddaughter, Mme. Lillebil Ibsen, as Ellida. Sensitive and full of nervous vitality, she acted with feeling and understanding. My "French Players" produced Bernstein's *Le Voleur* with such success that the season opened with good augury. The Three Hundred Club introduced *Smaragda's Lover*, by that gifted but erratic young dramatist, Mr. W. J. Turner. In spite of its desperately dull patches, he shows originality both in treatment and idea, which suggests that the day will come when he will give us a brilliant comedy. The "Play Actors" gave *Peter and Paul*, by Mr. H. F. Rubinstein, which has merits both literary and dramatic that made it worth doing. I cannot say as much for the Stage Society production of Arnold Bennett's *Bright Island*. The satire for the most part is meaningless and the play is neither fish, fowl nor good red hering. The author's ideas are fuddled in an intoxication of verbosity. Odd lines pierced the gloom and occasional episodes keyed the interest, but spasmodic gestures do not make a play. *The Bright Island* of the distinguished author's fancy is an incredibly boring place. Like Jove, Mr. Bennett sometimes nods.

who designed and painted the settings. So jolly, hearty and fragrant a world this is. The dialogue is as mellow as good wine. The acting was so fine—Miss Isabel Jeans the most delicious Lydia Languish, Miss Dorothy Green a tart yet delightful harriidan, Mrs. Malaprop; Mr. Norman V. Norman massively imposing as Sir Anthony, Mr. Nigel Playfair capital as jolly little Bob Acres, Mr. Claude Rains dominating, at once tragic and ridiculous, serious and comic, as Faulkland. . . . I want to name the whole cast. I want to pay my tribute to one and all for an entertaining evening of old comedy, for pictures as delicate as fragile Dresden china, for acting and a *tout ensemble* that has left an impression with me that I shall not willingly let die.

IT was a long, hard road that Mr. Horace Hodges toiled before he won recognition. We first spotted him when he was on tour with Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, playing Chèvelin in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. The day came when he ventured with a little play, *Peace and Quiet*, at the Comedy. Though it only ran for a fortnight, discriminating critics realized that here was a great little comedian. From that London début he has marched to fame. I think of his Andrew Bullivan in *Grumpy*, of which he was part author, of his Doctor in *White Cargo* and now of "Lightnin' Bill," which is filling the Shaftesbury, and I ask, What is the riddle of his success? Hard work has given him the mastery over his methods, but hard work only secures competency. What is it that he gives to character? Surely it is essential personality. He is a bundle of contradictions, but he irradiates them with truth. Was there ever such a dear, odd, whimsical old fellow as "Lightnin' Bill"? Never hurrying, never disturbed, half asleep as he walks, half asleep as he talks, his every word is listened for. And with a phrase he can rout them all. He is always the same—a shapeless, unkempt, queer, winning piece of humanity. *Ars celare artem*. His sense of oddity, his power to divine character, his slow and humorous gestures, his refined methods, his voice, his smile—the whole delightful make-up of him make Horace Hodges the finest *genre* artist on our stage. I know this, that no actor can win a smile so easily or touch the heart more nearly, and it is little short of genius that can create such wistful, simple, shrewd, quaint, lovable, pathetic cameos of life to charm us in the theatre and to treasure in our gallery of remembered characters. There are some actors who can compel you to admit that acting is a fine art. Horace Hodges is one of them.

OLD HEIDELBERG is now at the Garrick. Three *hochs*! One for the acting, one for the revival and one for the better times which allows us to share the glamour, the romance and the memory of the days before the flood. If you know something of German student life, if you have felt the spell of German Lieder, Schwärmerei, the romance will still charm. Only a misanthrope or a vinegar-faced cynic will mock at youth and dub the fervour of adulation and pristine kisses "stuff and nonsense." For me it awakened thoughts of other days—of George Alexander and the ever-youthful Eva Moore, and I thanked Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Dorothy Batley for opening that book of memories. They worthily assumed the succession and deserve of their heritage.

There is another revival at the Lyric, Hammersmith, which is haloed with charm. Twenty-five years ago, at the Haymarket, we had Messrs. Harrison and Cyril Maude's brilliant revival of Sheridan's *Rivals*. To-day Mr. Nigel Playfair has overtopped all his forerunners. It is an event. It is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The curtain rises on a vision of enchantment—the little flower-shop, "ye old booke-shope," the pump-room, the promenade. Bravo, Norman Wilkinson and Victor Hembrow,

## The NEW MONTEREY

NORTH ASBURY PARK, N. J.  
The Resort Hotel Pre-eminent

Directly on the Ocean  
American Plan Capacity 500 Season June to late Sept.  
New Jersey's Most Beautiful à la Carte Grill-Room



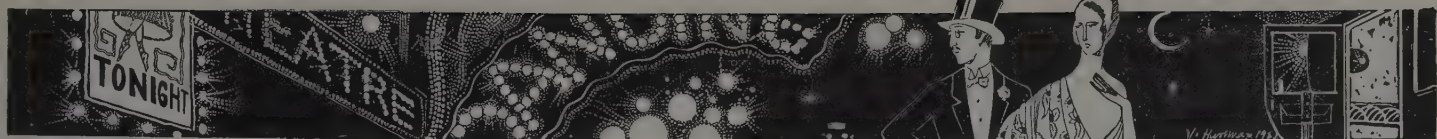
HOT AND COLD SEA WATER IN ROOMS

18-hole Golf Course  
Interesting Social Life Daily Concerts and Dancing  
Modern Swimming Pool Adjoining Wonderful Ocean Bathing

SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager

New York Office, Town and Country, 383 Madison Ave.  
Branch of McDonnell & Co., Brokers—Members New York Stock Exchange

On "The New Jersey Tour, A Road of Never-Ending Delight"  
Same Management as Princess Martha—St. Petersburg, Fla.



B. F. Keith's

## PALACE

The Million Dollar Theatre  
BROADWAY AND 47th ST.  
NEW YORK

### THE WORLD'S GREATEST VAUDEVILLE THEATRE AND PREMIER MUSIC HALL

Those who love distinction and luxury will find the appointments of this theatre completely to their liking. In the bills presented there's a dash of everything worth while in theatricals. The best that the Operatic, Dramatic, Concert, Comedy and Vaudeville stages can offer, blended by experts in entertainment.

DAILY MATINEES, 25c, 50c,  
75c, and Best Seats \$1.00  
EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c,  
\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

Except Sundays and Holidays

## CAPITOL BROADWAY

at 51st Street

World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre

EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director

### DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

CAPITOL BALLET CORPS

Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina

CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA

Presentations by ROTHAFEL

### Paramount Pictures

**The RIVOLI** Broadway  
at 49th St.

Rivoli Concert Orchestra

**The RIALTO** Broadway  
at 42nd St.

Famous Rialto Orchestra

*The Best in Photoplays*

*And the Best in Music*

HUGO RIESENFELD, Managing Director

## THE PLAY GUIDE

*The Play Guide takes pleasure in announcing a slight and temporary departure in its customary rôle. Its moving finger this month will point you to four shops of charm and distinction, which, while commercially successful, possess elements which place them apart from the usual commercial run. Read below and learn how a visit to an atmospheric shop may be as legitimately amusing and quite as much in the nature of play as what is traditionally catalogued as such!*

THERE is a moment of lull in the passing show of night clubs and restaurants here in New York. Fourteen of them, as we go to press, have accepted nice little temporary padlocks on their doors; and the programs for the summer roof-gardens have not yet been made up. So there is nothing of note along those lines to relate to you.

It seemed to The Play Guide, therefore, an auspicious moment to address itself more exclusively to its feminine audience and to spotlight one or two of the special little shops in the city which they might not otherwise find, but which we feel they would be enchanted to. The day for discovering unaided the perfect mouse-trap in the heart of the forest has gone by. Clues and sign-posts and bill-boards are modern imperatives. Likewise we believe there is quite as much thrill, and more profit, in coming upon a unique shop as in visiting a new cabaret or restaurant. We know that we ourselves got a distinct kick out of the places we are about to touch upon.

### DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE

THERE was first *Peggy Deutz's* shop for interior decoration on New York's Rue de la Paix. We have known Peggy's shop for some time, but we had neglected visiting her lately. But as we passed the window the other day we spotted in it some of the most delightful and individual small stuffed chairs, covered with gay patterns of chintz. We have been shopping around for such a small upholstered chair for the past year, and though once or twice we almost found what we wanted, we did not find the price.

To inspect these adorable chairs closer, we went inside Peggy's shop. But we never for an instant dreamed that they would carry a price tag several dollars less than at any place where they had heretofore been seen. And yet they did! We then recalled that surprising prices are part of *Peggy Deutz, Inc.* There are things very expensive and things of extraordinary reasonableness—considering. But an exquisite taste permeates the whole. We do not know anyone else in town who has quite that instinctive taste in selection, that *fleur* for the out-of-the-ordinary and the artistic combined with the practical that Mrs. Deutz shows in her shop.

It is what you might call a one-man shop. You could not imagine it without the blonde bob and the chic figure of Mrs. Deutz, darting about, supervising, directing. She is its soul; she alone is responsible for its success. Twice a year she goes abroad to buy, sometimes into Spain, sometimes into Italy, more often to Paris, where she has a special and canny knowledge of the places to pick up the unusual—a Brittany peasant chair, a lacquered tray, a little wrought-iron table for the garden, an odd eighteenth-century book-shelf. If one were to say why the *Peggy Deutz* shop seems distinct from other decorating shops, it would be because everything in it has not only artistic beauty, but an intelligence and a purpose in itself. In other words, one feels there a gift of harmony. Relying on that gift, one can't go wrong in whatever one selects from the shop.

### SEE AMERICA FIRST

OF the shops we have selected to describe two others might be also called one-man shops. They are *Delman's* on Madison Avenue for shoes and *Martha Norden's* on Fifty-fifth for hats.

Without the guiding hands and heads of either, the shops could not be what they are. Their owners project their personality into each place to create for it its distinctive atmosphere.

One opens the door of *Delman's* into a small reception-room with a few low lazy chairs, mirrors, a vitrine or two displaying models of shoes, sparkling buckles, sheer hose. . . Back of this is the room where the finished stock is kept, and climbing up a fascinating midget circular staircase, one reaches the workroom where foreign artisans are engaged in making the shoes.

Only one other shoe place in town has this arrangement of salesroom below and workshop directly above on the premises. And what enchanting and lovely shoes we saw in the making and finished, . . . of a hundred different varieties, from the plain pump of colored lizard and alligator skins, for wear with the tailleur, to the beaded and hand-embroidered slippers of brocade, and gold and silver leathers, for evening. Mr. Delman showed us shelves of the finest quality of colored skins, shelves with

A National Institution

## B. F. Keith's NEW YORK HIPPODROME THE GREATEST PLAYHOUSE IN THE WORLD

Novelties from everywhere. Under the direction of E. F. Albee and the B. F. Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, presenting the Earth's Greatest Show at prices that spell success.

### DAILY MATINEES

including Sundays

1000 Seats at 50c

### EVENINGS

including Sundays

1000 Seats at \$1.00

### NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

WEST 42nd STREET

Reduced Price Matinees Wed. and Sat.

NEW EDITION

## ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

With Rogers in Topics of the Day

Clarifying the American Girl

458 Seats \$1.00 if Bought in Advance

"A MASTERPIECE" — A. Woolcott  
Eve. Sun.

SAM H. HARRIS Presents

IRVING BERLIN'S FOURTH ANNUAL

## MUSIC BOX REVUE

Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

MUSIC BOX THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evg. 8.30

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

## MARK STRAND

Broadway at 47th Street

A National Institution

Direction . . . . . Joseph L. Plunkett

### Photo Presentation of Finest Features

FAMOUS MARK STRAND BALLET CORPS

Mark Strand Symphony Orchestra

Carl Edouarde, Conductor

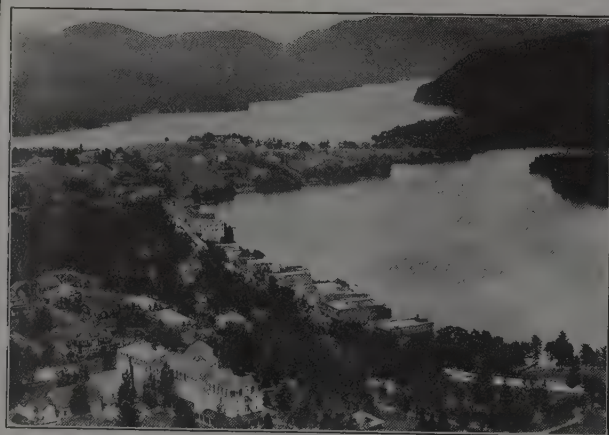
IF YOU ARE COMING  
TO NEW YORK

Write for a copy of  
THE PLAY GUIDE



### To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.



## GRANDVIEW HOTEL

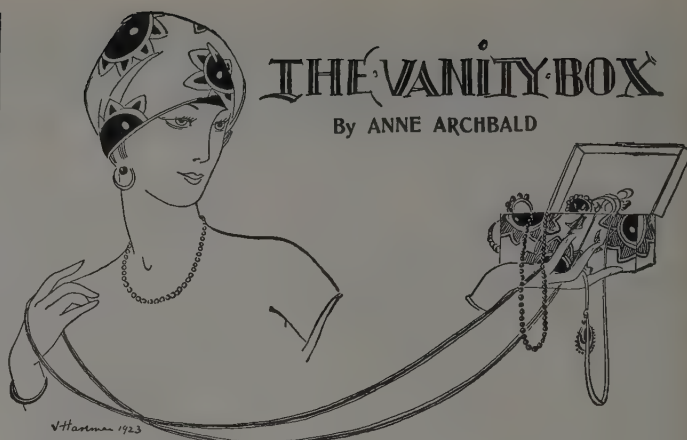
### LAKE PLACID

In the Adirondacks

Accommodations for 300 guests  
Thoroughly modernized and fire protected  
Carefully Selected Clientele

Charmingly situated in a *private park*  
atop the hill overlooking the Lake

Reservations made until June 15th  
at Canadian-Pacific Building  
Madison Ave. at 43rd Suite 528  
Telephone Murray Hill 3115



**H**OW enchanting those women who do not change! Whom one can go away and leave and find again after whatever time has elapsed looking exactly as lovely as when one first met them!

Which brings us directly to Marie Chambers, who is playing the lead in *Is Zat So?* at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. We encountered Miss Chambers after a four-years' interval, the other morning on the Avenue, and there she was with not an eyelash changed. And in case you don't know, she has that combination of coloring which biologists tell us becomes rarer every year, dark eyes and blonde hair, her skin being creamy in tone rather than pink and white.

"Where are you bound for?" she asked and "Don't you want to come with me and see the most beautiful new beauty place in town? I'm just on my way."

Well, when you get an invitation like that from Marie Chambers you make haste to accept, no matter what you have on hand. We proceeded up the Avenue, therefore, taking sidelong glances in the meantime at Miss Chambers w. k. chic, which perhaps she acquired from growing up in Paris or perhaps just comes by naturally . . . and gathering up the threads since our last meeting.

"Had we seen her *Sue Parker* in *Is Zat So?*" asked Miss Chambers, "and how did we like it?"

If "it" meant her, we adored her, we made haste to answer, and if "it" meant the play, like the rest of the world, we adored that, too. Her *Sue*, we thought, one of those "easy" parts that are so difficult, . . . difficult to make seem human and natural, which Miss Chambers did, besides adding her own subtle brand of charm.

Then we discussed how we liked her "new make-up, . . . without any rouge, you see." . . . Again the answer was, Yes. It was a make-up that featured the pale perfection of a creamy skin against Parisian eye-shadows in brown which Miss Chambers has always worn since her Paris days, punctuated by a vivid tangerine red mouth. Altogether stunning!

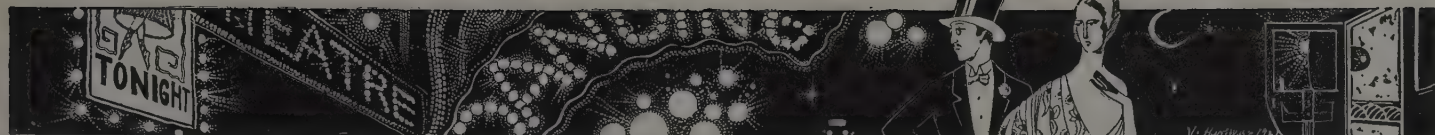
By this time we had reached our destination, the new beauty salon whose tricky name is *Crystal Lee*. Truly a unique place! Backgrounded with carved wood panelling, hung with unusually patterned chintz, its foyer spread with Persian rugs, it presents the last word in luxury for a beauty place. And combined with that beauty and luxury, it has been equipped as the most practical of workrooms, with the latest sanitary and time-saving devices.

In the front are the booths for the facial treatments and in back those for the hair. For *Crystal Lee*, unlike other beauty establishments of its exclusive class, cares for the hair as well as the face. Marie Chambers, for instance, was booked up for two hours and a half, one hour for her face, one for a shampoo, the half hour for a marcel. All so accommodatingly accomplished under the one roof!

We can but touch on the many wonders of *Crystal Lee* in our short space here. It is the sort of place only our country could produce, service of scientific skill offered up in a setting of such sort. Of course, all the luxury would mean nothing were not *Crystal Lee* backed up with remarkable preparations. But they are of the finest, their ingredients the purest the market can produce, and compounded by master chemists.

We are going to recommend to your particular notice three of them: The *Crystal Lee Bleaching Cream* and the *Crystal Lee Pore Paste*, to be used on alternate nights; and a remarkable adherent powder, whose shade made us think of the sunset rose and which, nevertheless, blends with every skin. The *Bleaching Cream* makes the skin three shades lighter and the *Pore Paste* gives it that much-to-be-desired fine grain.

For the address of *Crystal Lee*, where the *Bleaching Cream*, *Pore Paste* and *Sunset Rose Powder* may be found, write *The Vanity Box*, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



# THE VENDOR

**Frank H. Abbott & Son**

announce that they have now acquired The Vendome, famous for years as a distinctive Boston hotel, and will operate it as a particularly high grade, American Plan Hotel.

The Abbott Hotels in New Hampshire, South Carolina and Florida are nationally famed.

Commonwealth Ave. at Dartmouth St.  
**B O S T O N**

Near Enough to the business district for convenience, far enough away for quiet, The Belmont is the ideal hotel for the visitor to Chicago.

## The Belmont

HUGH McLENNAN, President  
G. E. BILLINGSLEY, Manager  
SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT  
Chicago



### That Musical Pal of Mine

happiness, friendship, inspiration, popularity—all these and more are the result of music. No wonder millions of happy people affectionately refer to the Hohner Harmonica as "That Musical Pal of Mine".

Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. You don't have to tune it; it is always tuned. You can't make a mistake as to tone or the tone is fixed. You merely breathe into it the song that is craving expression and out come the cheering strains of an opera, symphony or popular melody.

Get a Hohner today and ask for the Free Instruction Book, illustrated with charts, pictures and favorite musical selections. Your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 199, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell  
Hohner Harmonicas—50c up.



bobbins of trimming worth thousands of dollars. All these beautiful materials are spread before you; you make your selection and the clever workmen do the rest. Why, we said to ourself, go far afield to Perugia or Hellstern in Paris, when there is such a shop as *Delman's* right in our own New York! Anyway, Madge Kennedy and Fay Bainter and we've forgotten who all else know what's what and order at *Delman's* instead of abroad.

You must expect to pay for all this, of course. *Delman* shoes might be called expensive shoes. Unless you stop to consider what you get in value. Shoes fitted to your last, the finest of leathers and trimmings and designs. . . Styles that are exclusive. No going over to Sixth Avenue afterwards and seeing identically the same thing you have just paid a tidy sum for duplicated in a six- or a ten-dollar model.

#### ORIGINAL, BUT IN THE MODE

SO many people have said to us recently, "Where is Lady Duff Gordon? Whatever became of Lucile's?"

### Forthcoming Attractions

*Trelawney of the Wells.* Revival of Pinero's play, with Laurette Taylor.

*George White's Scandals.* Revue with Miller and Lyles, Tom Patricola, Dooley and Morton.

*The Charming Bride.* Comedy adapted by Henry Baron from the French of Felix Ganders, with Lila Lee.

*Broke.* Play by Zelda Sears, with a cast including George MacFarlane, Lucille Sears, Louise Galloway.

*The Makropoulos Secret.* Play by Karel Capek to be produced by Herman Grantvoort.

*A Bit o' Love.* Play by John Galsworthy to be given by the Actors' Theatre, with O. P. Heggie.

that we put that on our list in case you too may have made similar inquiry. Not that we can tell you about Lady Duff Gordon, except that possibly she is "somewhere in France." But we can tell you about *Lucile's*. The organization that was assembled under Lady Duff Gordon over here, with Mr. Tollman and Mrs. McHorter at the head, has gone on just as before—every man even to the doorman, we understand—though no longer at its former habitat, but on Fifty-sixth Street, between Fifth and Madison. Mrs. McHorter is the creative genius for the establishment and avoids in her models certain stereotyped lines that the original *Lucile* models seemed fated to fall into. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose* was an accusation often made against a new season's showing at *Lucile's* in the old days.

But Mrs. McHorter believes that one may be original and yet remain in the mode. And at the moment I can offer no better recommendation for her designing and for the whole

(Continued on page 65)

**THE RITZ-CARLTON**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

America's Smartest  
Resort Hotel  
Famous for its Perfect  
Cuisine and Service

GUSTAVE TOTT  
Manager

## LONDON'S BRIGHTEST SHOW

### MIDNIGHT FOLLIES HOTEL METROPOLE

written by RONALD JEANS  
additional numbers by Gratex Newman

Music by IVOR NOVELLO  
and Wolseley Charles

Produced by CARL HYSOON

DINNER  
DANCING  
SUPPER  
and REVUE

**31/6**

Supper, Dancing  
and Revue  
**30/-**

'Phone  
**GERRARD 8121**

### MIDNIGHT FOLLIES HOTEL METROPOLE

THE GORDON Managing Director  
HOTELS, LTD. FRANCIS TOWLE

### In Our July Issue

Gilbert Seldes, in his usual entertaining manner, writes of important plays and favorite players.

What Is the Significance of the Theatre Guild? Walter Pritchard Eaton, in an interesting article, discusses the value of this art group.

Excerpts from the Diary of a Ticket Speculator. A highly amusing chronicle of the activities of a lesser known Broadway figure.

Will Shakespeare Become Obsolete? Lawrence Langner, in a daring article, urges the modernization of the Bard.

The Puritan Who Startled Broadway. An intimate interview with Mary Morris, heroine of *Desire Under the Elms*.

Mirrors of Stageland. Informal and unusual glimpses of Lenore Ulric,

John Emerson, Minnie Dupree, etc.

What Do Stars Eat on the Stage? This perplexing question is answered in a diverting article which reviews famous stage dinners, past and present.

Broadway's Mystery—The Chorus Man. A clever article giving some insight into the life of the dancing dandy.

A condensation of *Old English*, the play in which George Arliss is now appearing, giving a synopsis of the story and stressing the scenes in which Mr. Arliss does his finest work.

Lovely portraits of Frances Starr, Helen Menken, Fokina, etc.

Scenes from the two Gilbert and Sullivan revivals—*Princess Ida* and *The Mikado*.

AVanitie for  
your favorite  
Loose  
Powder

It Cannot  
Spill

Norida  
Vanitie  
for Loose Powder  
Not a Sifter

Securely locked in this dainty vanitie is the loose powder of your choice—the very powder you use in your boudoir. Just a slight turn, and your loose powder comes forth. Think of it! A real non-spilling, loose powder vanitie at last! No more cake powder necessary. Now, wherever you go, you can safely carry the dainty fragrant loose powder you like best. *It cannot spill.*

So Easy to Refill

When Norida is empty, you refill it yourself in a few seconds with your favorite loose powder.

Buy Your Norida Today

The price is \$1.50 for the single, filled with Wildflower Powder. The double costs \$2.00 filled with loose powder and rouge cake. At all toilet goods counters, or mailed direct if your dealer cannot supply you.

Norida Parfumerie 630 S. Wabash Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois

## UNAUTHORIZED COLLABORATIONS

(Continued from page 10)

CAPTAIN: Come here, Jones. Do you think we'll ever make port?

JONES: Captain, it's this way. The oil gave out day before yesterday and the coal gave out yesterday. We've been driving this ship on rum, Captain, good drinking rum! And the stokers won't stand for it.

CAPTAIN: Call all the stokers up.

(The stokers, impersonated by automatic slot-machines, come up.)

THE CAPTAIN: Now for a conference.

(They have a conference in which everybody says very loudly and rapidly all the things stokers are supposed to say in a conference; then the stokers disappear.)

CAPTAIN: Quiet, at last.

(All the sailors now return.)

DRISC.: Hello, Yank. I didn't know you were back.

YANK: I am.

DONK.: They always come back to the ship. Durn the old devil sea.

IVAN: By hack, I am glad when we get into port.

OLSON: I bane sick of port.

DRISC.: Aw, yuh give me a pain in de neck.

(They fight. All are killed. The sounds of clanking chains are heard and the rattle of machinery. A porter comes round and observes the corpses.)

PORTER: Hey, guys, you gotta get off here. This is Jersey City.

(The ghosts of the dead sailors re-animate their bodies and they rise.)

PORTER: Funny, some guys don't know when they're well off.

(They all leave the ship and exactly nothing is happening as the curtain falls.)

## THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE PLAY

(Continued from page 12)

replete with elephantine gags and whiskered situations, which has made *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy* two phenomenal money-takers. The old home-brew in flashingly new bottles—that's the answer. Mr. Gleason's eye may be on the box-office, but his ear is certainly in the right place, and his *American* is superb.

Humbly and enviously I look at all

these creators and loud is my applause.

Our authors have found at last that the finest material for their use is right at hand. The Great American Play is being written—not by any one author, because life is too varied, too huge for such compression—but section by section. The Great American Play—in the Great American Language. And the work has just begun.

## SCREENLAND

(Continued from page 34)

philanthropic intermediary who brings together the couple whom he has himself estranged, and in bantering the customary movie assignation where the roguish bachelor, having locked his apartment door upon the young wife, proceeds to ply her with drugged wine. And Menjou continues to play these slightly warped characters with such charming and debonair nonchalance that he invests them with a glamorous halo.

THE CHARMER

POLA NEGRI continues to have the free movements of her spirit hampered by ill-fitting cloaks of stories. Possibly, however, it is difficult to harness the dynamic quality of her deeper emotions to a satisfactory fable, for her poignancy is so great that death seems its only fitting relief. And a tragic death would shatter the ordinary poor, shuffling little plot of the films to smithereens. History seems to supply the only heroic characters adequate to her scope and to have moulded not enough of these to go round.

Hence *The Charmer* seems to be only a practice exercise. Events move fairly happily at first, when the star

is an ignorant but arch dancer in a frowzy Spanish café, but as soon as the story forces her toward New York and fame, it loses picturesqueness and piquancy and becomes just another movie.

PERCY

SOMETHING of the melancholy interest of a post-mortem attaches to Charles Ray's latest picture. One views *Percy* not so much from the angle of its own merits as from the pensive desire that it will restore Ray to that post of honor he once held until he began to apotheosize himself as the little god of the close-up. The story itself, one of the last ever supervised by Thomas H. Ince, proves to be a progressive, occasionally jerky and occasionally headlong tale of a sheltered, timid youth who is suddenly thrown on his beam ends amid the flamboyant hurly-burly of a desert town. And just as Ray is beginning to exert again the old embarrassed, groping charm, which made him the first suppressed desire to become incarnate on the screen, along comes Charlie Murray, caparisoned in a new set of whiskers, and steals the picture from him.

Why not  
Smoke the  
Finest?



25¢ for Twenty



Something **NEW**  
for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours? I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Koss Co., 678 Rainer Ave., Seattle, Wn.

**Golden Glint**  
SHAMPOO



First Aid to  
Beauty and Charm

Have you ever given a thought to the importance of foot comfort as an aid to beauty? Tired, aching feet are often the cause of the lines of fatigue and suffering which mar an otherwise lovely face.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

the antiseptic, healing powder for the feet is to-day being used by women everywhere, giving them real foot comfort. Shaken into the shoes, it relieves hot, tired, aching, swollen and sweating feet, painful corns, bunions or calluses. For the housewife, business woman and the active outdoor girl, Allen's Foot-Ease is indispensable. It will help you work or walk in comfort, and increase your enjoyment in dancing, tennis or golf. Get a box to-day at your druggist or department store. Trial Package Free, address,

Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, New York

Shake Into Your Shoes  
**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

# THEATRE MAGAZINE BOUND

## The 1924 Set Now Ready



2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk

*Fully Indexed*

**Price \$10.00**

*Postage Extra*

*One of the interesting features of the bound volumes of Theatre Magazine is the fact that they give you a library of recent Broadway successes—the text of the plays, with explanatory paragraphs supplementing unessential dialogue and stage business*

### In The 1924 Bound Volumes You Will Find:

Outward Bound

Tarnish

The Unknown Lady

Dancing Mothers

The Show-off

Spring Cleaning

The Swan

White Cargo

Cobra

Hell Bent Fer Heaven

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen? Or revive memories of the players who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to the THEATRE MAGAZINE!

There is practically no home, college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre would not prove a fascinating addition to the library.

### The Following Years Are Still To Be Had In Bound Sets:

1904 in 1 vol..... \$25.00	1910 in 2 vols..... \$20.00	1914 in 2 vols..... \$15.00	1918 in 2 vols..... \$12.00
1906 in 1 vol..... 20.00	1911 in 2 vols..... 15.00	1915 in 2 vols..... 15.00	1920 in 2 vols..... 12.00
1907 in 1 vol..... 20.00	1912 in 2 vols..... 15.00	1916 in 2 vols..... 15.00	1921 in 2 vols..... 12.00
1908 in 1 vol..... 20.00	1913 in 2 vols..... 15.00	1917 in 2 vols..... 14.00	1922 in 2 vols..... 10.00
1909 in 2 vols..... 20.00			1923 in 2 vols..... 10.00

*The years not listed are out of print*

Theatre Magazine Co.

2 West 45th Street

New York City

## THE DANCE TEMPLE

(Continued from page 31)

and that she isn't wasting any time. And she knows that she is heading straight for Success. Her purple-and-blue bruises are marks of merit. She wears her colors bravely. In the far-off, golden distance she hears thunderous applause. She sees her name blinking in electric lights. She smells flowers and incense. And she hears the patter of golden coins.

### TRAINING FOR FAME

NOW that Maizie has finished with the limbering and stretching work, she passes on into the next class. She may decide on musical-comedy dancing. When you first see her going through all those familiar and entrancing gestures of the musical-comedy chorus beauties, you will be a bit amused. Perhaps a bit disillusioned. In the glitter and glamour of the usual big musical-comedy setting all of those gay cavortings appear so spontaneous and natural. But now you see how carefully they are planned and worked out. Almost every wiggle of Maizie's cute fingers are mapped out for her. Every time she shakes that lithe body in one of those jazz wiggles it is a well-thought-out gesture. When Maizie becomes a star, she may work out some original stunts for herself. But in the ranks of the chorus she has her gestures planned for her and doled out to her. In the musical-comedy class Maizie learns one complete dance each week and entrance and exit movements.

The next part of Maizie's course is a continuation of her previous work, but along more advanced lines, in American Specialty Dancing. She learns forty more new steps and is provided with a combination of steps in various styles: *Buck, Wing, Soft Shoe, Essence, Eccentric, Waltz Clog, Straight Clog, Jigs, Reels, Legmania, Triple-Time Tap Dancing*. These combinations of steps, forming a complete dance, are technically termed "routines."

Perhaps, instead of tap, step and specialty dancing, Maizie may choose ballet dancing. The beautiful technique of the ballet is fascinating. The mechanics include daily bar practice and center practice or floor work. Many different and effective combinations of steps are taught to those who master this technique, including *Toe, Classical, Interpretive, Oriental, Character* (including Spanish, Russian, Greek, Javanese, etc.).

Acrobatic dancing may appeal to Maizie, and if it does, you'll enjoy watching her at work in the dance gymnasium, if you are still following

her on the mile-stones of her career. She learns here all the effective "routines" made up from combinations of acrobatic tricks, such as "kicks," "splits," "cart-wheels," "hand-stands," "back-bends," "roll-overs," "nip-ups," "tinsekas," "inside-outs," "butterflies," "boranis." The acrobatic work is taught on specially made floor pads and with practical apparatus, including a safety harness for the more advanced tumbling tricks.

Maizie might select exhibition ballroom dancing, which includes all forms of exhibition waltz, fox-trot, tango. And along with all the rest of it, she learns the vast possibilities of stage make-up, gains a knowledge of stage-craft and a hundred and one other things which will be useful to her in her stage career. And her associates are not only other girls with stage futures in mind, but society girls whose careers are social rather than professional; girls in industrial fields who want to build up their bodies and gain grace; plump girls who want to reduce; talented children who are building for the future; stars who have already made good, but who wish to perfect their dancing.

In one of the many departments of the big dance studio is a wardrobe outfit—stunning gowns which society girls don for society fêtes or benefit entertainments coached by Ned Wayburn. They are all crisply fresh and new, and each sequin and crystal bead is worth a small fortune. Another interesting feature of the studio is the demi-tasse theatre, the stage of which is fully equipped with modern stage lighting apparatus.

### WAYBURN'S ILLUSTRIOUS ONES

IF Maizie should ever falter on the path to fame, she is reminded that among the former pupils of the Ned Wayburn Studios where she is studying are such bright stars as Marilyn Miller, Fred and Adele Astaire, Gilda Gray, the Dolly Sisters, Ann Pennington, Mary Eaton, Ada May Weeks, Fannie Brice, Dorothy Dickson, Evelyn Law and Charlotte Greenwood.

Now, when the opening night arrives of that bright new musical comedy in which Maizie Morrison will be the dancing star, don't forget to give her a hand. Remember her as she stood in the raw rookie ranks at Ned Wayburn's, underdressed in her pink rompers, overdressed in bright dreams. And applaud. Buy her a lobster supper. Send her a bunch of orchids. Or a bag of gum-drops. Do anything but—Forget.



What a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make



## The Flanders, Ocean City, New Jersey

A new fireproof structure of 232 rooms, each with lavatory, toilet and bath facilities. Thoroughly modern, beautifully appointed, and has an ideal location directly on the Boardwalk at Eleventh Street. American plan. All outside rooms. Solariums. Open porches overlook ocean and pool. Sunken garden where refreshments will be served from The Flanders Fountain. Fine open-air pool and bath department with lockers. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, yachting, fishing and other outdoor sports.

J. Howard Slocum, President-Manager

For seven years Manager "THE GREENBRIER,"  
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

During the month of September the Flanders private yacht will be available free to guests and their friends; sailing, fishing, and crabbing



## SCHOOLS

## SCHOOLS



## NED WAYBURN

## Ned Wayburn Studios Open All Summer Spend Your Vacation Learning to Dance!

No Lessening of Activities at Great Institution Where Hundreds of Ambitious Young People Are Acquiring Health, Strength, Bodily Beauty, Grace and Poise While Preparing, in Many Cases, for a Glorious Career on the Stage.

THE large number of enrollments for the summer season at the Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing is again proving the enormous popularity of this famous school. Such popularity can be built only on a record of superior accomplishment. Yet it is but the natural triumph of a remarkable method of training—the same method Mr. Wayburn used to develop Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Fred and Adele Astaire and hundreds of other internationally famous stars!

### The Only Course of Its Kind

Whether you wish to study dancing for health and beauty, or with a view to a career on the stage, the courses offered at the Ned Wayburn Studios are not only the most thorough and most practical, but the only courses of their kind in the world! Our new

booklet tells all about Class and Private Instruction for Adults or Children—BEGINNERS or Advanced Pupils. Write for it today.

### Amateur Productions Staged This Season

Mr. Wayburn maintains an elaborate service for staging and completely equipping amateur productions. Among the many successful society and university shows staged under his direction are the Kansas City and Atlanta Junior League Follies; The Princeton Triangle Club Annual Musical Comedy "The Scarlet Coat"; The Vincent Club's Show (Boston) "Fete"; Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt 2nd's "Persian Jazz Fete"; the 1925 Mass. Tech. "Show," and the New York Edison Follies—so successful it had to be repeated in May! And these are only a few of the leading amateur and private entertainments which Ned Wayburn has staged this season. Write for full details.

## NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, Studio AG, New York City  
At Columbus Circle (Entrance on 60th Street)  
Open 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
(Except Sat. Eves. and Sundays.) Tel. Columbus 3500

**TEACHERS NOTE:**  
SPECIAL NORMAL COURSE  
FOR TEACHERS FROM  
JULY SIXTH TO AUGUST  
FIRST INCLUSIVE. ONLY A  
LIMITED NUMBER CAN BE  
ACCEPTED IN THIS SPECIAL  
CLASS. WRITE FOR COM-  
PLETE DETAILS AT ONCE.

## The Williams School of Dramatic Art

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS

President

Students have opportunity of playing with Professionals in Stock, seven performances each week, as a Stock Company headed by five well-known New York actors in under direct management of the School.

### Recent Presentations of Broadway Successes

Week of February 23—"So This Is London." Week of March 2—"The Cat and the Canary." Week of March 9—"Just Married." Week of March 16—"Outward Bound." Week of March 23—"Six Cylinder Love."

Professional Director—Teaching Staff includes twenty well-known instructors. Courses in Acting—Direct-

ROLLO A. TALLCOTT, Dean

(Member of Actors Equity Association)

ing and Managing—Teaching of Dramatics. Graduates eligible to teach Dramatics in Schools of New York State.

### School of Opera

Under the personal direction of Andreas Dippel, former Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Theatre, Gymnasium, Dormitories. Courses in Scenic Design—Stage Lighting—Dancing—Fencing—Stage Craft. College Courses in English, Languages, Literature and Pedagogy.

Correct Speech a Specialty—Voice Training—Diction—Pronunciation. Summer Courses begin June 1st and June 29th. Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for catalogue.

130 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

## SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Players

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN  
WALTER HAMDEN ELSIE FERGUSON  
GEORGE ARLISS RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play seven times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading—Playwriting, etc.—Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Summer Term Opens June 29th. Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR  
Princess Theatre 104 W 39th St., New York City

## ALVIENE THEATRE SCHOOL of THEATRE

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH  
STAGE DANCING ARTS  
PHOTOPLAY SINGING

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, stock theatre experience while learning introducing students to New York audiences, plus an eminent faculty, including Rose Coghlan, of Peg Woffington fame; Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co., and Claude M. Alviene, who has taught Mary Pickford, Laurette Taylor, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Jordan, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Law, Dolly Sisters and others. For information write which study is desired to SECRETARY, 43 West 72nd St. (Ext. 24), New York



### FLORENCE WILDE STUDIO OF ILLUSTRATION

SUMMER SCHOOL unusual—rom June first to Oct. All branches of Art taught amid Catskill Mts.

## MacLean College

Music, Dramatic and Speech Arts

Dept. T. 2835 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The "Little College" for particular people. Individual needs met. Summer Session June 29th to August 7th. Send for catalog.

## Gloucester School of the Little Theatre

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

6th Season July 6th—Aug. 31st

Acting Public Speaking Production

For booklet, address: F. B. H. CUNNINGHAM  
112 Cass St., Boston, Mass.

## PLAY GUIDE

(Continued from page 61)

establishment than that Famous Players. Many of the glorious Gloria's creations you have seen on the screen have come from *Lucile's*. . . Likewise Bebe Daniels', . . the exotic Jetta Goudal's. . .

Our fourth shop—for hats—which you are going to be as keen about as the others, has also a link with the movies, in that its tall blonde proprietor, Virginia Norden, was till somewhat recently in the pictures, more especially associated with Anita Stewart. And Anita and her mother are now two of Miss Norden's ardent patrons. Miss Norden showed us the original models of two hats that had just been copied for Anita. One of the originals, a small hat in sections of dove-gray faille, with a gray felt brim turned from the face, was such as we have been searching for all our lives.

You will see only two or three hats around at *Martha Norden's*. (Martha? I thought you said Virginia. . . Yes, we did; . . it's a bit confusing. Virginia is really the head, but she is associated with her cousin Martha, and they combine their first and last names to make a firm name). And everything is made to order as in Paris, crowns cut to fit the head, brims shaped to the right line. In fact, Miss Norden went to Paris and studied with Maria Guy and Reboux. She mannequined a dozen hats for me, each smarter than the last. "Our hats are nothing in the hand," she explained gaily, "but everything on the head!" They specialize in making hats for the matron which are still youthful.

It is only three years old, *Martha Norden's*, but how its workrooms spin.

ANNE ARCHBALD.



## LUCY FEAGIN STUDIOS DRAMATIC ART

Acting in Drama and Opera  
Directing—Teaching—Public Speaking  
Thorough Training in Expression  
Developing personality and the use of Standard English. Experienced Directors furnished for professional, semi-professional performances.  
French methods of pantomime

112-114 Carnegie Hall, N. Y. Circle 1766

## STAGE CAREER AGENCY

1493 B'WAY  
(Suite 423)  
N. Y. C.

Professional Institution Combining Training and Engagement  
Connected with Louis Hallett's Office and the Little Theatre Service Bureau

## AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by  
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:

Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas  
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expressional Training

Fully equips for  
ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Third Season of our Six Weeks'  
**TEACHERS' SUMMER COURSE**  
In Stage-Craft, Play Directing and Advanced Expressional Technique  
Begins July 13

Next regular class starts Oct. 26th  
Also Extension Dramatic Courses in Co-operation with

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY**  
Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-V  
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

## INTER-THEATRE ARTS SCHOOL OF ACTING AND PRODUCTION

Intensive Theatre  
Workshop Course  
June 29th to July 25th

For catalog of winter and summer courses, apply to

INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.

42 COMMERCE STREET NEW YORK

## TO PLAYWRIGHTS

Many plays are written that lack expert revision. Many with merit never get into the proper channels.

The undersigned, who for many years has devoted himself to the American Theatre and has produced scores of comedies, dramas and operettas on Broadway, invites authors to communicate with him.

PLAYS READ, REVISED AND PLACED

Sydney Rosenfeld,  
438 West 116th St., New York

**MILLER THEATRICAL COSTUMIER**  
236 So. 11th St. PHILA. PA.  
COSTUMES-WIGS ETC. TO HIRE FOR ANY  
PLAY (ANTATA-OPERA-TABLEAUX ETC.)  
HISTORICALLY CORRECT  
CATALOGUE & ESTIMATE FURNISHED.



Large List New  
Vaudeville, Acts,  
Stage Monologues  
New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty  
Songs, Blackface After-pieces and  
Crossfire, Musical Comedies and  
Revue, Musical Readings, Novelty  
Entertainments, Wigs, Beards,  
Grease Paints and other Make-up  
GODS. ILLUSTRATED CATA-  
LOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

R. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

## PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine  
2 West 45th Street New York

GO TO YOUR NEWSDEALER AND GET A COPY OF OUR

# Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number Theatre Magazine

The plays that are talked about—the players that you admire—one hundred and fifty superb illustrations and portraits—greet you in this big jubilee edition.

The romance of the stage—delightful incidents concerning player celebrities—fearless reviews of contemporary plays—a veritable history of stageland and its people—the May number of THEATRE MAGAZINE marks an epoch in theatrical magazine achievement.

Twenty-five years of constant endeavor to interpret, in a clean, wholesome, sound editorial policy, the news and happenings of the stage has given THEATRE MAGAZINE a distinctive prestige and authoritative value.

You will thoroughly enjoy the May issue—out to-day—marking

the quarter century anniversary of this individual publication. The foremost stars of the day contribute their best—seriously and whimsically—to this number. The leaders who make the stage a vital part of the world's progress tell you the whys and the wherefores.

Teeming with special articles covering every phase of the theatre, this Anniversary Number makes a reference volume which you will cherish for its beauty and its authenticity. It signalizes—in picture and story—the greatest outstanding success in theatrical chronicling.

**On all newsstands—Thirty-five cents a copy**

## Features in the Anniversary Number

Wanted: A New Sort of Theatre.....**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**  
Voices Versus Feet.....**OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II**  
Passing of the Famous Stock Companies.....**DANIEL FROHMAN**  
The Obscene Theatre.....**LAWRENCE LANGNER**  
Triumph of the Motion Pictures.....**ADOLPH ZUKOR**  
The Troubadour Still Reigns.....**JOHN MCCORMACK**  
Reviews of Current Plays.....**MR. HORNBLow**

One hundred and fifty beautiful illustrations—More than 6,000 plays listed produced in the last twenty-five years—Screenland—Music—Vaudeville—Radio—Fashions—The Vanity Box—and many other unusual features.

THEATRE MAGAZINE,  
2 West 45th Street, New York.

Gentlemen—I enclose \$4 for one year's subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE, to be sent to

Name.....

Street Number.....

City and State.....

## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 17)

mere outline does scant justice to the richness of the lines or the humor of the many amusing situations. It is a play not to be missed.

Helen Gahagan, in this play strangely like Ethel Barrymore, both in manner and appearance, was admirable as the wife. Her comedy scenes were played with a sure touch. A fine perform-

ance. Frank Conroy was almost equally good as the jealous Karoly, and Kenneth MacKenna did full justice to the rôle of the amatory doctor. The part of a tough gold-digger—the doctor's discarded mistress—was played to the life by Mildred Florence. In short, an amusing play, well acted.



## The Month's New Plays

### LOVE FOR LOVE

Comedy in four acts by William Congreve. Produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre by the Provincetown Players, March 31, with the following cast:

Sir Sampson Legend.....Walter Abel  
Valentine.....Stanley Howlett  
Scandal.....Noel Tearle  
Tattle.....Edgar Stehli  
Ben.....Perry Ivime  
Foresight.....E. J. Ballantine  
Jeremy.....Cecil Clovelly  
Trapland.....Hugh Kidder  
Buckram.....Harold McGee  
Snap.....Clement O'Loughlen  
Servant to Foresight.....Sidney Matchet  
Steward to Sir Sampson.....James Meighan  
Angelica.....Helen Freeman  
Mistress Foresight.....Eve Balfour  
Mistress Frail.....Adrienne Morrison  
Miss Prue.....Rosalind Fuller  
Nurse to Miss Prue.....Alys Rees

### PRINCESS IDA

Comic opera in three acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Produced by Lawrence J. Anhalt at the Shubert Theatre, April 13, with the following cast:

Florian.....Bertram Peacock  
King Hildebrand.....Detmar Poppen  
Cyril.....Scott Welsh  
Hilarion.....Sudworth Frasier  
Arac.....Jerome Uhl  
Guron.....Jack Abbott  
Scynthus.....Karl Stall  
King Gama.....Robinson Newbold  
Melissa.....Rosamonde Whiteside  
Lady Psyche.....Virginia O'Brien  
Lady Blanche.....Bernice Mershon  
Princess Ida.....Tessa Kosta  
Sacharisa.....Ann Meyer  
Chloe.....Augusta Spette  
Ada.....Paula Ayers

### TELL ME MORE

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Fred Thompson and William K. Wells, music by George Gershwin, lyrics by B. G. De Sylva and Ira Gershwin. Produced by Al Aarons, April 13, with the following cast:

Gertrude.....Ruth Raymond  
Harry.....Eddie Dowling, Jr.  
Kenneth Dennison.....Alexander Gray  
Peggy Van De Leur.....Phyllis Cleveland  
Billy Smith.....Andrew Tombes  
Bonnie Reeves.....Emma Haig  
Estelle.....Charlotte Esmore  
Lucy.....Nita Jacques  
Heather.....Marion Mueller  
Toots.....Dolla Harkins  
Edith.....Vivian Glenn  
Pages.....Mary Jane  
Mrs. Pennyfeather.....Dorothy Wilson  
Mrs. Pennyfeather.....Florence Auer

Monty Sipkin.....Lou Holtz  
Jane Wallace.....Esther Howard  
Mrs. Wallace.....Maud Andrew  
George B. Wallace.....Robert C. Ryles  
Monsieur Cerise.....Eugene Redding  
Cashier.....Cecil Brunner  
Waiters.....Covan and Ruffin  
Doorman.....Morton McConnachie

### THE BLUE PETER

Play in three acts by E. Temple Thurston. Produced by The Stagers at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, March 24, with the following cast:

Edward Formby.....Arthur Hughes  
John.....Albert Hecht  
Serakin Donko.....Clarke Billings  
His Bodyguard.....Alan Floud  
Anton Bundsman  
David Hunter.....Warren William  
A Native Girl.....Margaret Love  
Harold Plevin.....Morris Ankrum  
Richard Walmsley.....Peavey Wells  
Mrs. Hunter.....Margaret Wycherly  
Emma.....Marjorie Vonnegut  
The Man from Muggins.....Alan Floud  
A Barmaid.....Margaret Love  
James Callaghan.....George Riddell  
Mr. Lucas.....Alan Floud  
A Street Girl.....Doan  
Harry.....Clarke Billings  
A Patron of the Bar.....Herbert Butterfield  
Another.....Peavey Wells  
Rosie Callaghan.....Mary Kennedy  
Mr. Murray.....Albert Hecht  
Another Street Girl.....Halcyone Hargrove  
A Chinese.....Anton Bundsman

### THE DUNCE BOY

Drama in three acts by Lulu Volmer. Produced by the Art Theatre at Daly's, April 1, with the following cast:

Ma Huckle.....Antoinette Perry  
Rosy Pierce.....Mary Carroll  
Tude.....Garth Hughes  
Buck Huckle.....Eric Jewett  
Tom Fink.....Louis Mason  
Alvin Powell.....Joan Clarendon  
Doctor Newton.....Donald Cameron

### THE MIKADO

Comic opera in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Produced by the Shuberts at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, April 11, with the following cast:

The Mikado.....William Danforth  
Nanki-Poo.....Tom Burke  
Ko-Ko.....Lupino Lane  
Pooh-Bah.....Stanley Forde  
Pish-Tush.....Leo de Hierapolis  
A Noble.....John Willard  
Yum-Yum.....Marguerite Namara  
Pitti-Sing.....Barbara Maurel  
Peep-Bo.....Elsa Petersen  
Katisha.....Sarah Edwards



## Erratum

On page 13 of the Anniversary (May) issue occurred a mix-up of the captions which, of course, will be apparent to everybody. The caption, "Ernest Truex at the age of five," should have gone under the picture of the child with the plumed tam o' shanter and vice versa.



## “~a mystic braid was wove”

Sir Walter Scott

*Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is specially prepared to bring back the golden tint of girlhood, or to transform black or dark hair to chestnut, auburn or golden shades. Charming results attained, easily, quickly and safely.*

*Used by French coiffeurs, especially in New York, for over twenty years.*

### FREE

CHARLES MARCHAND & Co. Dept. "C"  
220 West 42nd St., New York

Please send me your booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

A D'ARTAGNAN—One of the best families of Virginia—Known on the Avenue, the Mall, and the Champs-Élysées—The immediate announcement—. A hundred happy thoughts flashed in quick succession. Yet he had not appeared to notice her before tonight.

Yesterday, it must have been true! "You are becoming such a 'drab little thing.' Won't you take a hint?" Those were Marie's very words.

Little did she think that her *confrère's* advice would enlist such a magic wand. What a radiance it gave to her natural charm. Falling across her shoulders, her hair looked like clustered rays of finely spun sunlight. *How different!*

It was he who said only an hour ago, "Tonight, your hair puts me in mind of the gold of Autumn in Versailles!"

If she had given the *raison d'être*, she too would have said, "Thanks to that Parisienne genius, Dr. Charles Marchand!"  
[*Graduate Ecole Centrale Des Arts et Manufactures de Paris.*]

# MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

# Theatre Magazine's 25th Anniversary Dinner

(Continued from page 42)

Towse, Ernest Truex, Leonore Ulric, Francis Wilson, Peggy Wood, A. H. Woods, Ed. Wynn, Stark Young, Blanche Yurka.

Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Allardt, Hugh Burke, Louis F. Gardani, Mr. and Mrs. Travers D. Carman, Edward Fales Coward, Edouard Durand, Mr. and Mrs. George Ethridge, Milton Feasley, G. S. Fowler, Charles W. Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Fuller, Hon. Louis D. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Goldberg, Ralph K. Guinsburg, Mr. and Mrs. E. Irving Hanson, Carl Peck, C. K. Harris, Fred C. Brion, R. B. Hennessey, Gilbert T. Hodges, Allan C. Hoffman, J. L. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Houston, Dr. Frank N. Irwin, Ino Jahel, Morris D. Jones, Messmore Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kiese-wetter, Alexander Lambert, S. R. Latshaw, Judge Edgar Lauer, Mrs. Albert Kohn, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., David D. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leslie, Frank S. Littlejohn, Paul V. Loth, Max Calm, Frank J. McDavitt, S. O. McGill, M. Mercadier, Burton Roscoe, Ernest Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Block, Mitzi Kolisch, Mr. and Mrs. Egmont Arens, Ruth Benedict, Stanley Rauh, Carol Bird, Ada Patterson, Paul C. Meyer, Louise H. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moss, Arthur C. Mower, Nicholas Muray, Jesse H. Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Berthold

Neuer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Porter, A. J. Powers, Robert Riskin, Everett Riskin, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld, Judge M. R. Ryttenberg, H. Reichenbach, R. W. St. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schiller, Samuel Shipman, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sisson, Bernard Sobel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stern, Miss Henriette Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Storrs, Miss Kate Sweetser, Miss Sydney Thompson, Margaret Vale, Manning Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Whalen, C. A. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Winningham, Julius P. Witmark, Harvey Wood, Mr. and Mrs. A. Henry Young, Mary Ryan, Lee Marmor, Clara Pross, Sara Gluck, H. Angus Avery, A. Anzalone.

## Congratulatory Telegrams

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*  
My heart is heavy because I cannot be with you on this great occasion. I often think of the beginning of your splendid publication and of how it has grown to hold its present unique place in the public regard. You and your associates have builded securely. Heartly congratulations to you and to Arthur Hornblow and your staff of brilliant executives.  
DAVID BELASCO.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*  
I had hoped that I could be present at the dinner given to celebrate the

twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, but unfortunately I cannot be with you. I am not well and my doctor has ordered me away. However, I want to pay a compliment to Messrs. Meyer and Arthur Hornblow for the conducting of a publication through all these years that has been a distinct credit to the American Theatre.

WILLIAM A. BRADY.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

Deeply regret I shall be unable to be with you to-night, as imperative business calls me out of town. My best wishes for a happy and successful function, and that you will have occasion to hold many, many more. Congratulations.  
LEE SHUBERT.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, New York City.*

Last night's testimonial was a credit to you and your magazine. It was one of the most enjoyable affairs I ever attended in my life. Congratulations.  
MORRIS GEST.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

Sorry not to be with you. Accept my sincere congratulations on the anniversary of your splendid undertaking and my best wishes for everlasting success which you and your associates so well deserve. My hearty thanks for the great service your publication has rendered and is rendering to the Theatre. With great admiration,  
WILLIAM DELIGNEMARE.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*  
Heartiest congratulations and every good wish for the continued success of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Here's hoping we will be sending you another wire on your golden jubilee.

WITMARK BROTHERS.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

Sorry I cannot be with you. Heartiest wishes for your wonderful magazine.  
LEON ROTHIER.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

Congratulations on your twenty-fifth anniversary of impartial, friendly criticism of art and the actor. Sincerely in appreciation for what the THEATRE MAGAZINE has done for us.  
MARY YOUNG.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

Congratulations and glad greetings.  
RITA WEIMAN.

*Louis and Paul Meyer, Hotel Waldorf:*

A tragedy happened to my evening clothes. They were packed in a trunk and sent to the steamer by mistake yesterday. I tried to rent a suit, but was told that, because of your dinner, they were all out. Please accept my congratulations to you and your associates on your years of magnificent devotion to all that is the finest in the theatre. Your fellow Greenroomers tender heartiest congratulations.  
S. JAY KAUFMAN.

## Pity the Poor Play Jury

(Continued from page 18)

Ladies! We'll never get finished today unless the men keep to the point.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*desperately hungry*): As chairman of this meeting, I should like to ask Miss Pym one personal question and then we'll adjourn for lunch. Have you any objection, Miss Pym?

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*modestly*): I'll do my best, I'm sure.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: Miss Pym, after seeing the play, did you have any dreams?

THE LITTLE OLD MAID: Yes.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*significantly*): Ah! Now what were they, Miss Pym?

THE LITTLE OLD MAID: Why, I dreamed the same night that a sweet little bird pecked me on the mouth.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: Oh, how disgusting! I should have died.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*to the others*): Good. Ladies and gentlemen, I claim that Miss Pym's dream has the highest scientific significance. It absolutely *proves* that Miss Pym is in favor of letting the play remain as it is.

THE SUFFRAGE LEADER: Why, the idea!

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: If you'll give me a moment, I'll explain. That dream, ladies and gentlemen, symbolizes the lady's desire to be kissed—a desire latent, crushed, suppressed (pardon me, Miss Pym, I must speak frankly), as evidenced by the fact that this lady is no longer a child, so to speak. Indeed she is even beyond the limits of adolescence and is still unmarried. The portrayal of this kiss in the play, ladies and gentlemen, has awakened the psyche, has conjured up memories and feelings which have long lain dead or dormant and may result in this lady responding to the charms of an admiring suitor, so that she may eventually marry and become the mother of a fine American family, a credit to herself and to the Nation. For this reason I claim her vote.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*rising, almost in tears*): Sir, how dare you insult me!

THE SUFFRAGE LEADER: Quite right! The brute!

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: Insult you?

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*sobbing*): I've never been spoken of so in my life—boo, hoo! I've always been an honest

woman—boo, hoo! I've never had such thoughts—never—never—boo, hoo!

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: I'm sure you haven't, my dear.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*angrily*): Well, don't you be sorry for me. I don't want your pity.

FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN: I don't pity you, my dear. I envy you.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID: Well, you needn't do that either. (*Quieter*): Perhaps such things oughtn't to be allowed on the stage—because they do stir up things in you—or perhaps they ought to be allowed, for the same reason. I just don't know.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ANARCHIST: You are perfectly correct, Miss. Freedom is essential—

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: But how will you vote?

(*An attendant comes in.*)

THE ATTENDANT: The manager of the play wants to see you.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*addressing the crowd*): We can send for him if we choose to. Shall we?

CHORUS: Yes! Send for him! Do! (*The attendant goes out and returns with the manager.*)

THE MANAGER (*gruffly*): Ladies and gentlemen, unless you decide that the show is indecent, we close it on Saturday.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: Close on Saturday? Why?

THE MANAGER: We're doing no business, that's why. You've got my ultimatum, ladies and gentlemen. Either you find the play guilty or I close it. (*He stalks out.*)

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*suddenly galvanized into action*): Oh, that nice young actor—the one that was kissed—he'll be thrown out of work, won't he?

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST: I suppose so.

THE LITTLE OLD MAID (*positively*): Then I shall have to vote for a shorter kiss, Doctor Donkenhausen.

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*starved into surrender*): Very well, Miss Pym. It is decided, by nine votes to three, that the kiss at the end of Act I shall be shorter and less physical.

THE RELIGIOUS FANATIC (*fervently*): The Lord's will be done!

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST (*taking his hat and coat*): Thank heavens—now for lunch!

CURTAIN.